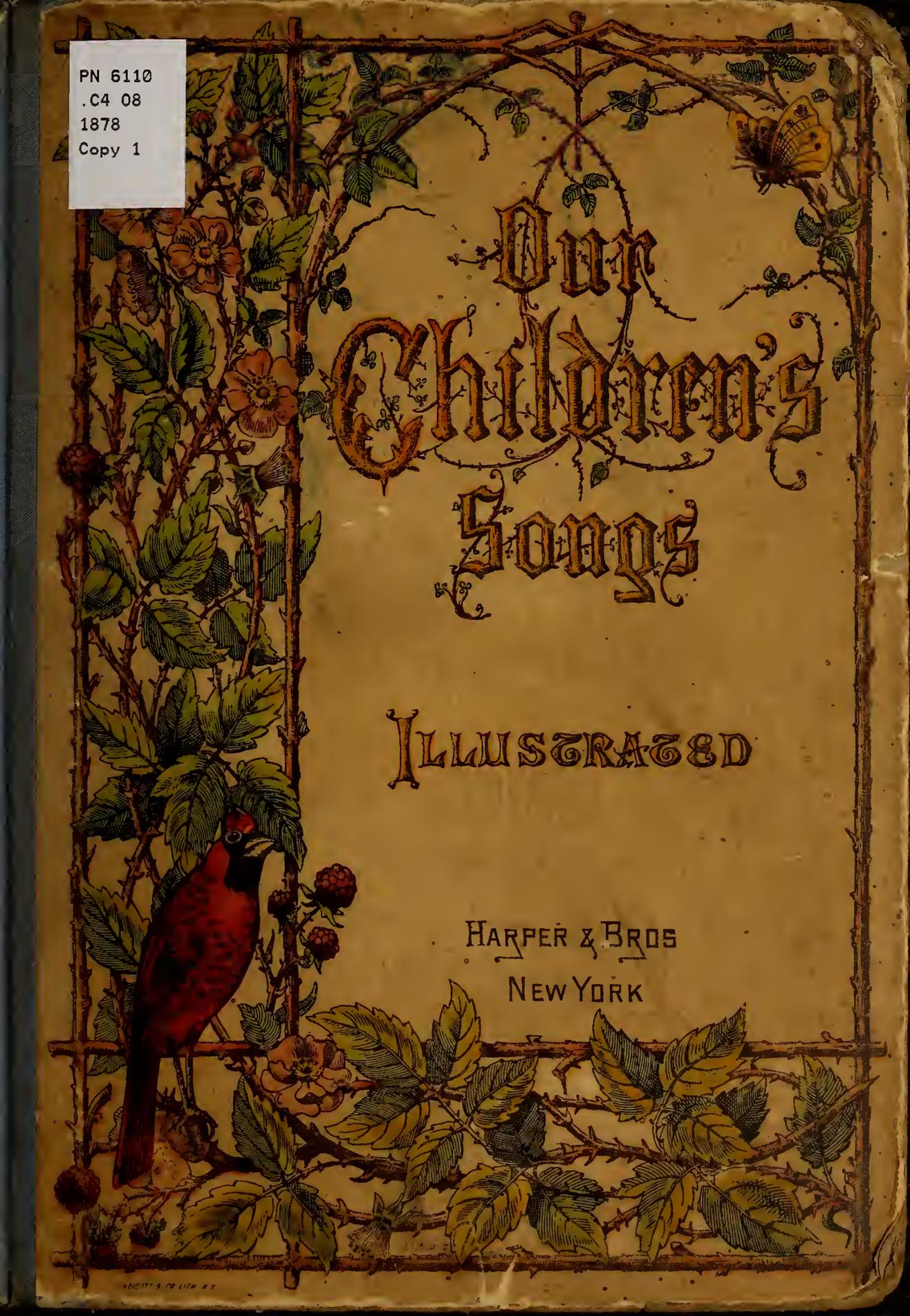


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The book cover features a decorative border of thorny branches with green leaves, red raspberries, and pink flowers. A red cardinal-like bird is perched on a branch on the left side. A yellow butterfly is in the upper right corner, and another smaller butterfly is near the bottom center. The title is written in a stylized, gothic font.

Our
Children's
Songs

ILLUSTRATED

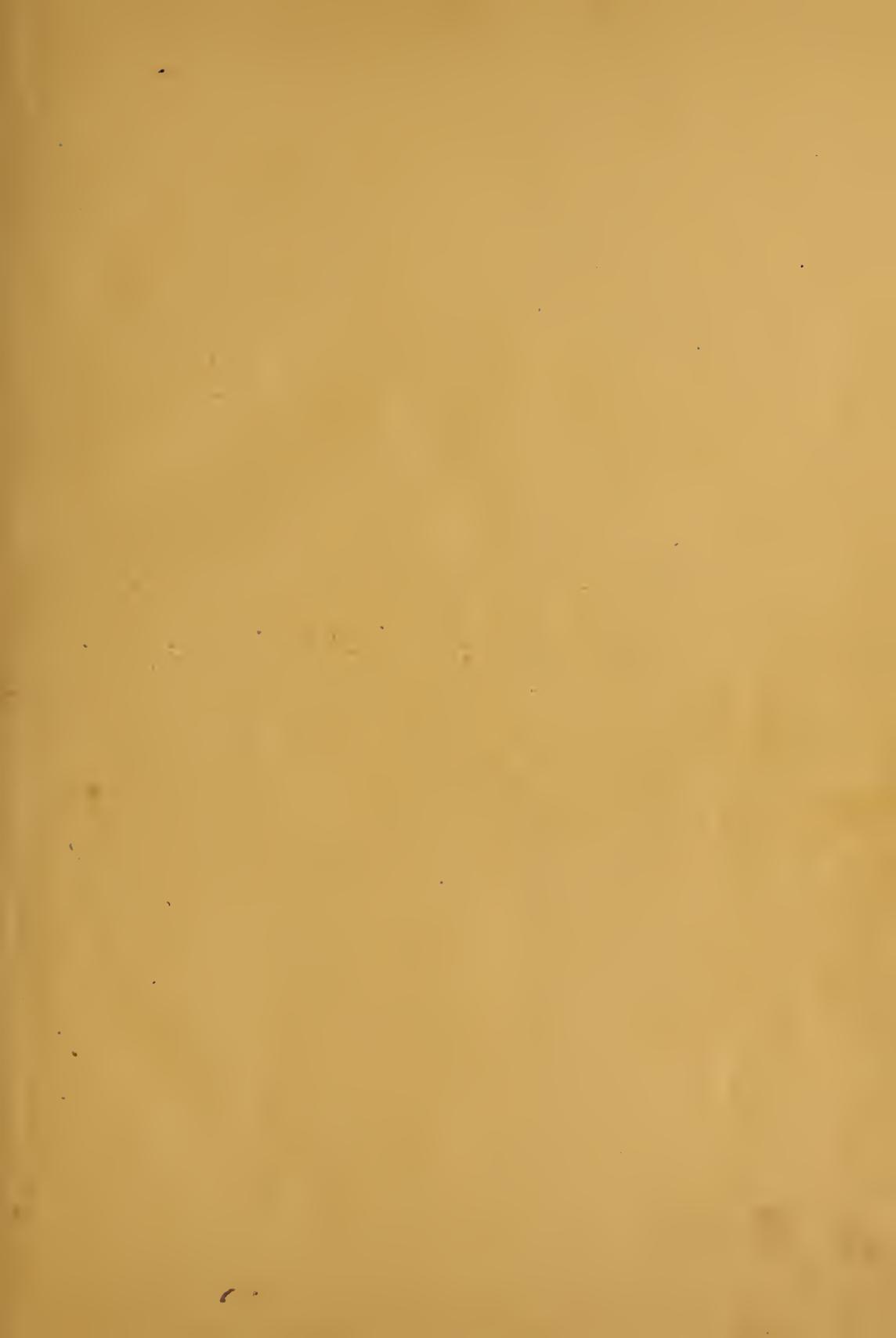
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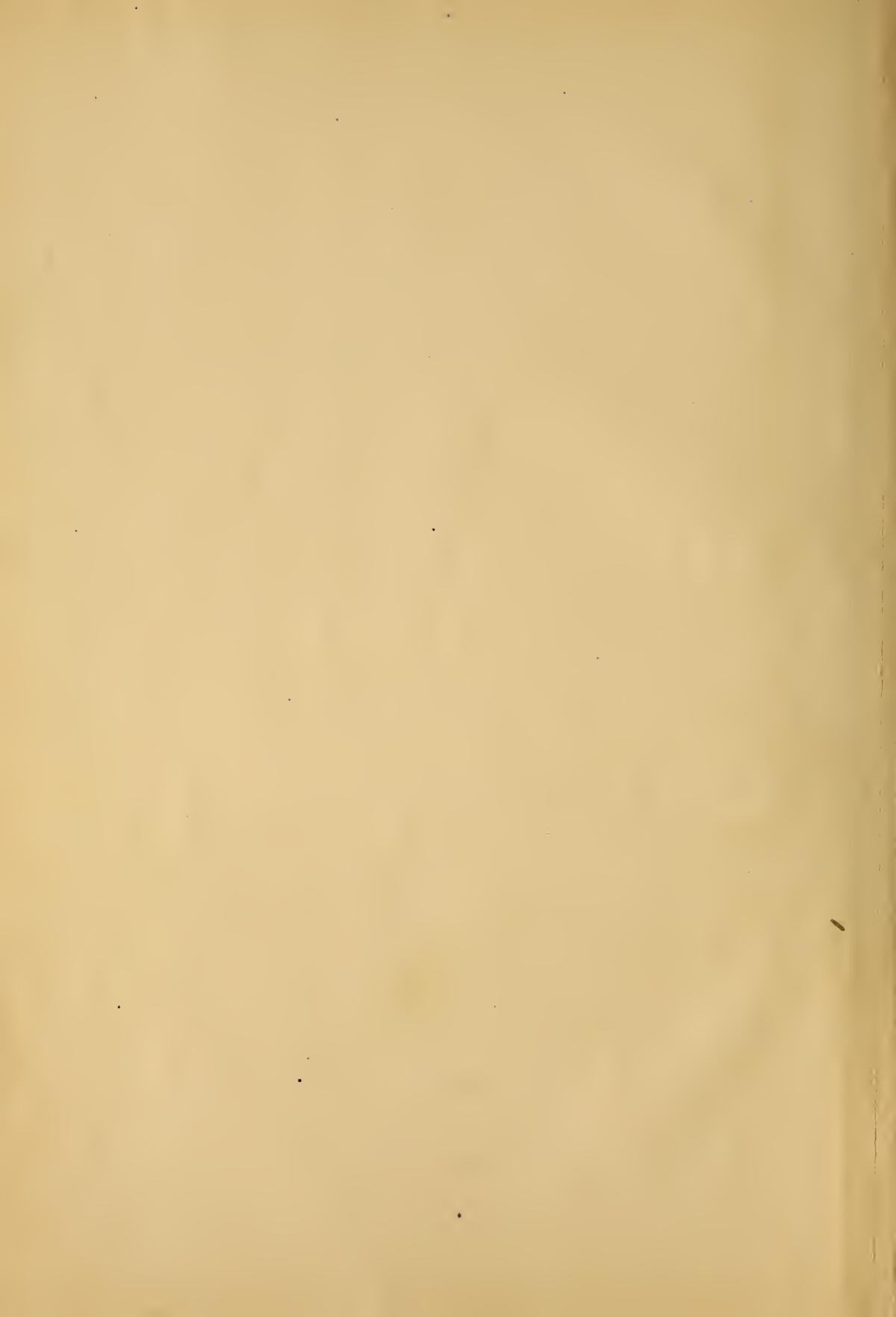
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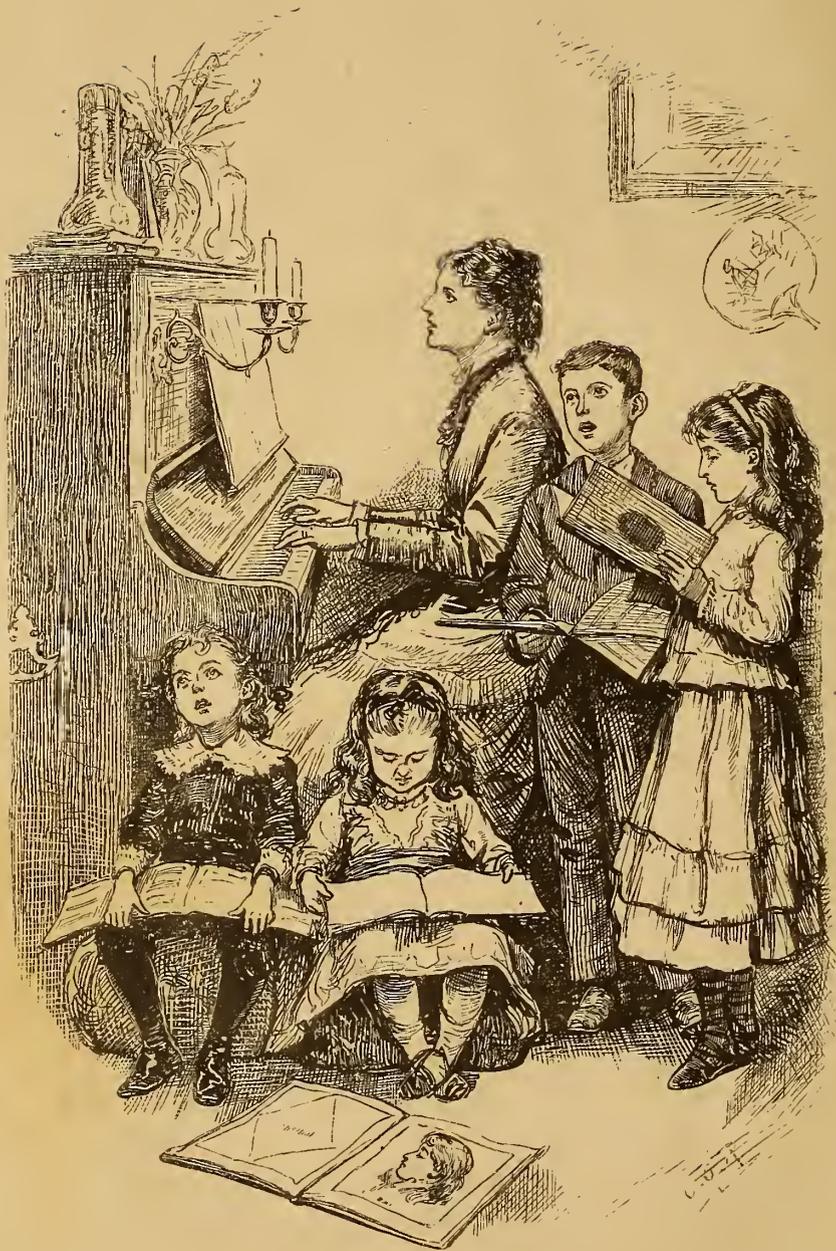
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA









OUR CHILDREN'S SONGS.



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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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NEW YORK:
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1878.

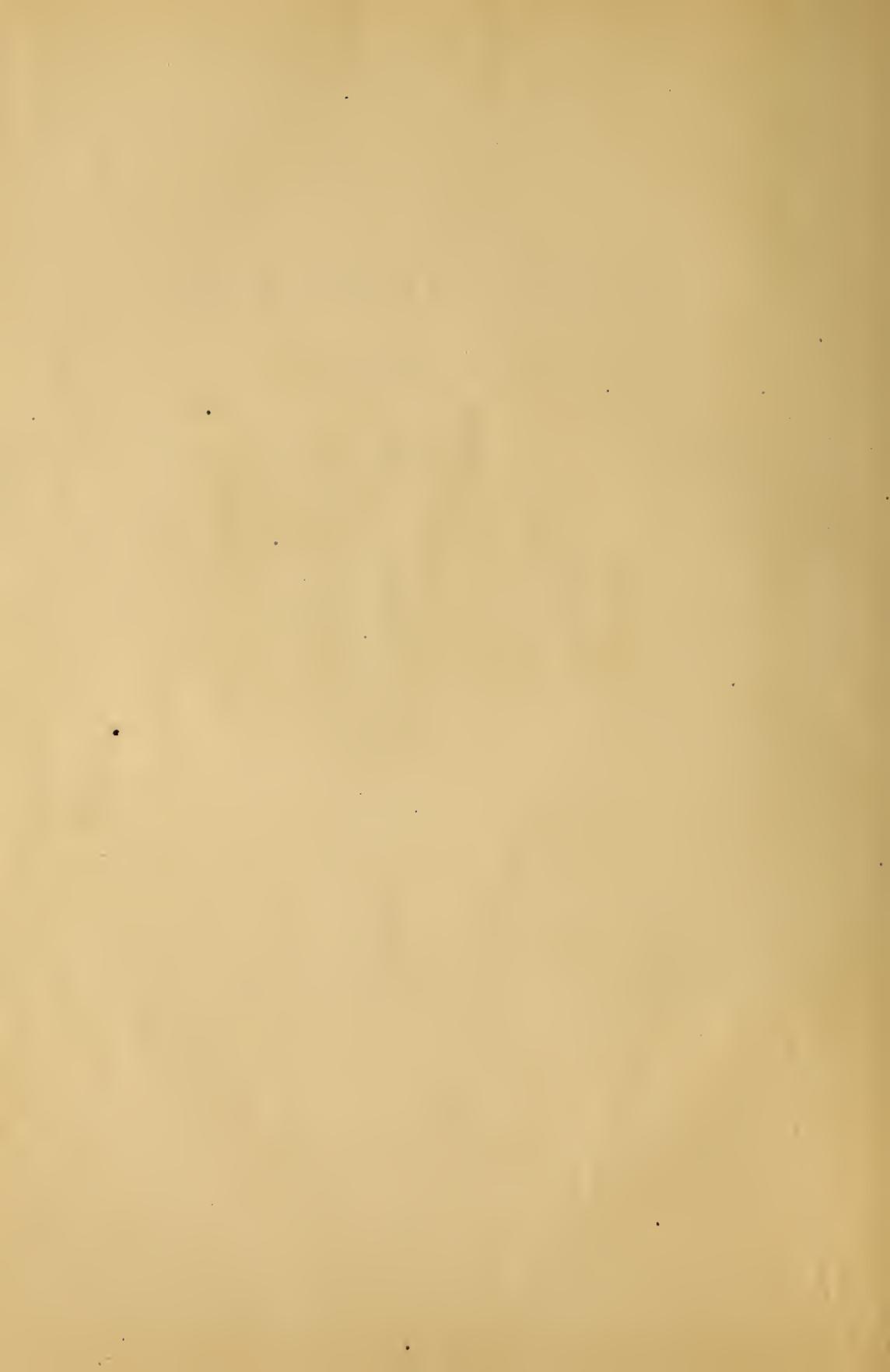
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INTRODUCTORY SONG.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us,
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,

Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear,
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead!

SONGS FOR THE NURSERY.

HARPER'S CHILDREN'S SONGS.

SONGS FOR THE NURSERY.



THE BABY.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white
rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of *you*, and so I am here.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

From the German.

SLEEP, baby, sleep,
Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree,
And down comes a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 The large stars are the sheep;
 The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
 And the gentle moon is the shepherdless.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Our Saviour loves his sheep;
 He is the Lamb of God on high,
 Who for our sakes came down to die.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

OLD GAELIC LULLABY.

HUSH! the waves are rolling in,
 White with foam, white with foam;
 Father toils amid the din;
 But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep—
 On they come, on they come!
 Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
 But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
 Where they roam, where they roam;
 Sister goes to seek the cows;
 But baby sleeps at home.

PLAYING BOPEEP WITH THE STAR.

"Who are you winking at, bright little star?
 Hanging alone, 'way up ever so far;
 Trembling and flashing aloft in the blue—
 Answer my question, and answer me true."

She stood by the window, all ready for bed,
 Yet lingered to hear what the little star said;
 But naught would it do but wink its bright eye,
 Alone by itself in the depths of the sky.

"I fear you are dumb," said the wee little sprite,
 "Or else you would answer my question to-night.
 We whisper and talk to each other down here;
 I think you could speak, if you chose to, my dear."

What do you think the little star did?
 It willfully slipped out of sight, and was hid
 By a snip of a clond that floated close by,
 And never vouchsafed her a wink or reply.

But after a while, when she woke in the night,
 The first thing she saw was that little star's light;
 It twinkled and twinkled, and roused her from sleep.
 "Aha!" laughed the child, "we can both play bopeep!"

SWEET AND LOW.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

WILLIE WINKIE.

WILLIAM MILLER.

WEE Willie Winkie
 Runs through the town,
 Up-stairs, and down-stairs,
 In his night-gown,
 Tapping at the window,
 Crying at the lock,
 "Are the weans in their bed;
 For it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey! Willie Winkie,
 Are you coming, then?
 The cat's singing gray thrums
 To the sleeping hen;
 The dog is lying on the floor
 And does not even peep;
 But here's a wakeful laddie
 That will not fall asleep."

Any thing but sleep, you rogue!
 Glowering like the moon;
 Rattling in an iron jug
 With an iron spoon;

Rumbling, tumbling all about,
 Crowing like a cock,
 Screaming like, I don't know what,
 Waking sleeping folk.

"Hey! Willie Winkie,
 Can't you keep him still?
 Wriggling off a body's knee
 Like a very eel;
 Pulling at the cat's ear
 As she drowsy hums;
 Hey, Willie Winkie!
 See! there he comes!"

Wearied is the mother
 That has a restless wean,
 A wee, stumpy bairnie,
 Heard when'er he's seen.
 That has a battle eye with sleep
 Before he'll close an e'e;
 But a kiss from off his rosy lips
 Gives strength anew to me.

A SLEEPING CHILD.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

LIPS, lips, open!
 Up comes a little bird that lives inside,
 Up comes a little bird and peeps, and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings;
 Up he comes, and out he goes at night to spread
 his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither will you go?
 Round about the world while nobody can know.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee?
 Far away round the world while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam?
 All round the world and around again home.

Round the round world, and back through the air;
 When the morning comes, the little bird is there.



Back comes the little bird and looks, and in he
flies.

Up wakes the little boy, and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird's away,
Little bird will come again by the peep of day ;

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird must go,
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round,
Round and round he goes—sleep, sleep sound.

— — —

LITTLE ROSY.

Rosy, my posy,
You're weary, you're dozy ;
Sit upon grandmamma's knee ;
Songs I will sing you,
Sweet sleep to bring you ;
Cuddle up cozy with me.

I will sing ditties
Of birds and of kitties—
The song of the well to begin ;
How young Johnny Stout
Pulled pussy-cat out,
When Johnny Green let her fall in ;

Of timid Miss Muffet,
Who fled from the tuffet ;
Of Bobby, who sailed on the sea ;
Of Jack and his Gill ;
Of the mouse at the mill ;
And baby that rocked on the tree.

Rosy, my Rosy,
As sweet as a posy—
Ah ! now she's coming, I see,
Sleepy and dozy,
To cuddle up cozy,
And hushaby-baby with me.

— — —

THANK YOU, PRETTY COW.

JANE TAYLOR.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and sweet, and fresh, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank ;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the purple violet grows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

— — —

OH, LOOK AT THE MOON !

MRS. FOLLEN.

OH, look at the moon !
She is shining up there ;
O mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air !

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow ;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor !

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place ;
And I love to look up
At your pretty bright face.

And there is a star
Close by you ; and may be
That small twinkling star
Is your little baby.

— — —

LITTLE BIRDIE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day ?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.



What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."

"Baby sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away."



POLLY.

"Lilliput Levee."

BROWN eyes, straight nose ;
Dirt pies, rumpled clothes.

Torn books, spoilt toys ;
Areh looks, unlike a boy's ;

Little rages, obvious arts ;
(Three her age is), cakes, tarts ;

Falling down off chairs ;
Breaking crown down-stairs ;

Catching flies on the pane ;
Deep sighs, cause not plain ;

Bribing you with kisses
For a few farthing blisses.

Wide-awake, as you hear,
"Mercy's sake, quiet, dear !"

New shoes, new froek ;
Vague views of what's o'clock,

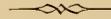
When it's time to go to bed,
And scorn sublime for what's said.

Folded hands, saying prayers ;
Understands not, nor cares ;

Thinks it odd ; smiles away ;
Yet may God hear her pray !

Bed-gown white ; kiss dolly ;
Good-night ! that's Polly.

Fast asleep, as you see ;
Heaven keep my girl for me !



THE LITTLE BOY AND THE STARS.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

You little twinkling stars that shine
Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings
I'd join you in the sky.

I am not happy lying here,
With neither book nor toy,
For I am sent to bed because
I've been a naughty boy.

If you will listen, little stars,
I'll tell you all I did :
I only said I would not do
The thing that I was bid !

I'm six years old this very day,
And I can write and read ;
And not to have my own way yet
Is very hard, indeed.

I do not know how old you are,
Or whether you can speak;
But you may twinkle all night long,
And play at hide-and-seek.

If I were with you, little stars,
How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies, and through the clouds,
And round about the pole!

The moon that once was round and full
Is now a silver boat;
We'd launch it off that bright-edged cloud,
And then—how we should float!

Does any body say, "Be still!"
When you would dance or play?
Does any body hinder you
When you would have your way?

Oh tell me, little stars, for much
I wonder why you go
The whole night long, from east to west,
So patiently and slow?

"We have a Father, little child,
Who guides us on our way;
We never question: when he speaks,
We listen and obey."

THE CHATTER-BOX.

FROM morning till night,
It was Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping;
Nor was there a day
But she rattled away,
Like water that's constantly dropping.

As soon as she rose,
And put on her clothes,
'Twas in vain to endeavor to stop her;
Nor was there a lack
Of her chatter and clack,
Till, sleeping, she lay on her pillow.

Yet, for good causes,
There must have been pauses,
Or else she was marvelous clever;
And so wondrous her mind,
So quick, so refined,
Her wit was o'erflowing forever.

But that was absurd;
For have you not heard
That much tongue and few brains are connected?
That they who talk most
Are supposed to think least,
And their wisdom is always suspected?

While Lucy was young,
Had she bridled her tongue,
By a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows but she might
Have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion.

FIVE LITTLE PIGS.

FIRST FIG.

THIS little pig to market went,
And carried a market-basket.

SECOND FIG.

THIS piggy staid at home content,
To take care of a casket.

THIRD FIG.

THIS piggy eat all he could find,
For he was very greedy.

FOURTH FIG.

THIS piggy said, "It isn't kind;
He knows that I am needy."

FIFTH FIG.

THIS piggy cried out, "Wee-wee-wee,
I'm very hungry, please, sir;
A beefsteak-pie will do for me,
Or a crust of bread and cheese, sir."

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR!

JANE TAYLOR.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

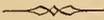
When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,



Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Guides the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!



BENNY.

I HAD told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me
With a face demure and mild,
That good Santa Claus, who filled them,
Does not love a naughty child.

“But we’ll be good; won’t we, moder?”
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the *goodies*
In his crimson stockings hid;
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty eggnog,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment
Slapping off the shining froth;
And, in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny’s blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me
Sprung he from the carpet bright,



Showing by his mien indignant
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he, loudly,
As he held his apron white;
"You sall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight.
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

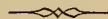
Then, as from a sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And, while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Caus! come down de chimney,
Make my moder 'have hersef!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they played beneath the live-oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim fire-lighted chamber
Harney purred beneath my chair,

And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
"God bess fader! God bess moder!
God bess sister!" then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Caus!"

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows,
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears, O Undeified!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child!



THE STARS AND THE BABIES.

MRS. FOLLEN.

WHEN the stars go to sleep,
The babies awake,
And they prattle and sparkle all day;
Then the stars light their lamps,
And their play-time they take,
While the babies are sleeping away.

So good-night, little baby,
And shnt up your eyes;
Let the stars now have their turn at play;
They soon will begin

To shoot through the skies,
And dance in the bright Milky Way.

No, no, my dear nurse,
I can not go to sleep;
Since you've put the thought into my head,
Let us have with the stars
One game at bopeep,
Then good-night, and a kiss, and to bed.

LADY MOON.

RICHARD MONCRTON MILNES.

"I see the moon, and the moon sees me;
God bless the moon, and God bless me."

Old Rhyme.

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you love me:
You are too bold:

I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.

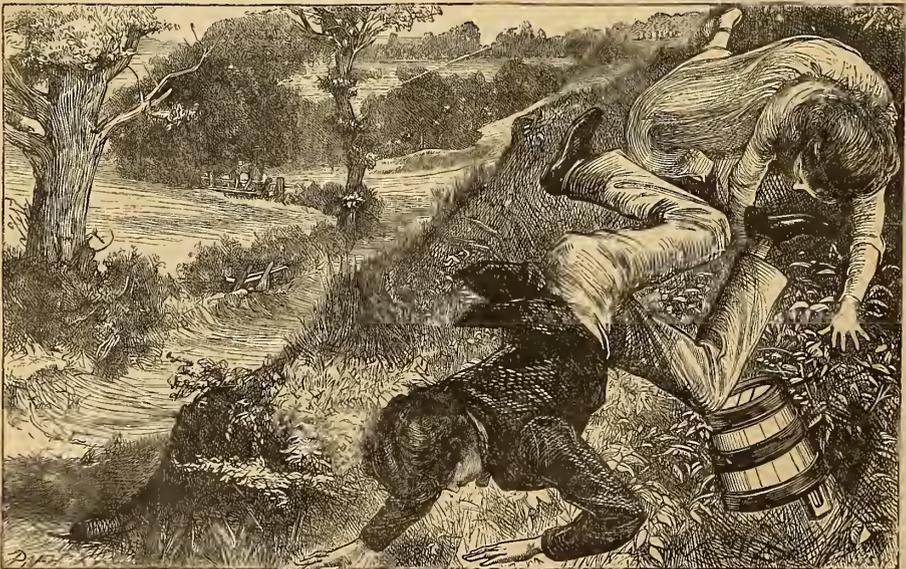
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

JACK AND GILL.

JACK and Gill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got,
And home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
Went to bed,
To mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

Gill came in,
And she did grin
To see his paper plaster;
Mother, vexed,
Did whip her next,
For causing Jack's disaster.



THE FLY.

BABY BYE,
 Here's a fly;
 Let us watch him, you and I.
 How he crawls
 Up the walls—
 Yet he never falls!
 I believe, with six such legs,
 You and I could walk on eggs!
 There he goes
 On his toes,
 Tickling baby's nose!

 Spots of red
 Dot his head,
 Rainbows on his back are spread!
 That small speck
 Is his neck:
 See him nod and beck.
 I can show you, if you choose,
 Where to look to find his shoes:
 Three small pairs,
 Made of hairs;
 These he always wears!

 Black and brown
 Is his gown;
 He can wear it upside down.
 It is laced
 Round his waist:
 I admire his taste.
 Yet though tight his clothes are made,
 He will lose them, I'm afraid,
 If to-night
 He gets a sight
 Of the candle-light.

 In the sun
 Webs are spun.
 What if he gets into one?
 When it rains,
 He complains
 On the window-panes.
 Tongues to talk have you and I;
 God has given the little fly
 No such things;
 So he sings
 With his buzzing wings.

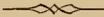
He can eat
 Bread and meat:
 There's a mouth between his feet!

On his back
 Is a sack,
 Like a peddler's pack.
 Does the baby understand?
 Then the fly shall kiss her hand!
 Put a crumb
 On her thumb;
 Maybe he will come.

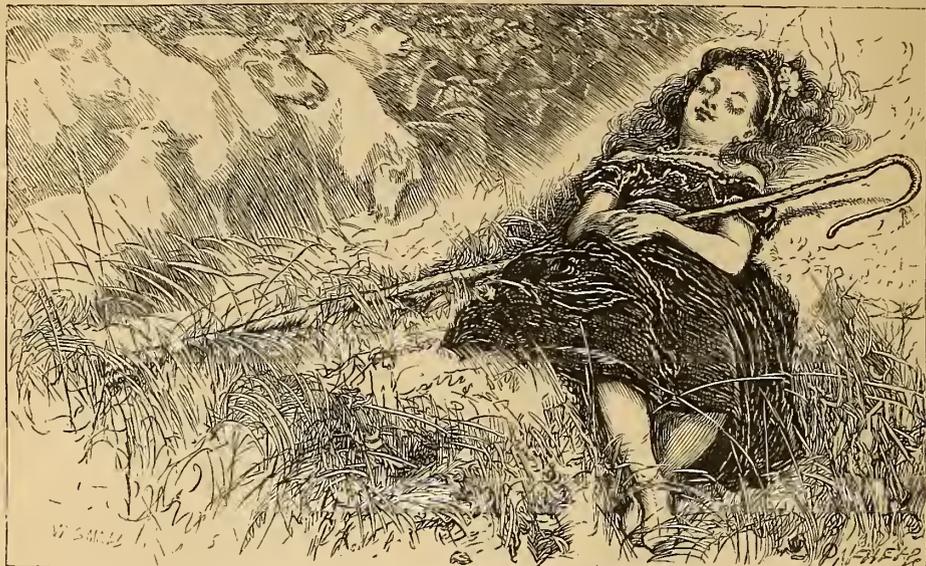
Catch him? No!
 Let him go;
 Never hurt an insect so.
 But, no doubt,
 He flies out
 Just to gad about.
 Now you see his wings of silk,
 Drabbled in the baby's milk.
 Fie! oh, fie!
 Foolish fly.
 How will he get dry?

All wet flies
 Twist their thighs;
 Then they wipe their heads and eyes.
 Cats, you know,
 Wash just so;
 Then their whiskers grow.
 Flies have hair too short to comb,
 So they fly bare-headed home:
 But the gnat
 Wears a hat:
 Do you believe that?

Flies can see
 More than we—
 So, how bright their eyes must be!
 Little fly,
 Ope your eye,
 Spiders are near-by!
 For a secret I can tell:
 Spiders never treat flies well!
 Then away!
 Do not stay:
 Little fly, good-day!


 LITTLE BOPEEP.

LITTLE BOPEEP has lost her sheep,
 And can't tell where to find them;
 Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
 And bring their tails behind them.



Little Bopeep fell fast asleep,
 And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
 When she awoke, she found it a joke,
 For still they all were fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
 Determined for to find them ;
 She found them, indeed ; but it made her heart bleed,
 For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, as Bopeep did stray
 Unto a meadow hard by—
 There she espied their tails, side by side,
 All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
 And over the hillocks she raced ;
 And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
 That each tail should be properly placed.

THE NEW MOON.

MRS. FOLLEN.

DEAR mother, how pretty
 The moon looks to-night !
 She was never so cunning before ;
 Her two little horns
 Arc so sharp and so bright,
 I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there
 With you and my friends,
 I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see ;
 I'd sit in the middle,
 And hold by both ends ;
 Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be !

I would call to the stars
 To keep out of the way,
 Lest we should rock over their toes ;
 And then I would rock
 Till the dawn of the day,
 And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
 In the beautiful skies,
 And through the bright clouds we would roam ;
 We would see the sun set,
 And see the sun rise,
 And on the next rainbow come home.

MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"WHAT are you good for, my brave little man ?"
 Answer that question for me, if you can ;
 You, with your fingers as white as a nun ;
 You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun ;

All the day long with your busy contriving,
 Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
 See if your wise little noddle can tell
 What you are good for. Now, ponder it well!

Over the carpet the dear little feet
 Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
 Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
 Under their lashes looked up unto me;
 Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
 Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
 Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
 "Good to love you, mamma; good to love you."

LITTLE MISS MEDDLESOME.

LITTLE Miss Meddlesome, scattering crumbs,
 Into the library noisily comes;
 Twirls off her apron, tilts open some books,
 And into a work-basket, rummaging, looks.

Out go the spools spinning over the floor,
 Beeswax and needle-case fell out before;
 She tosses the tape-rule, and plays with the floss,
 And says to herself, "Now, won't mamma be cross?"

Little Miss Meddlesome climbs to the shelf,
 Since no one is looking, and, mischievous elf!
 Pulls down the fine vases, the cuckoo-clock stops,
 And sprinkles the carpet with damaging drops.

She turns over the ottoman, frightens the bird,
 And sees that the chairs in a medley are stirred;
 Then creeps on a sofa, and all in a heap,
 Drops, out of her frolicsome mischief, asleep.

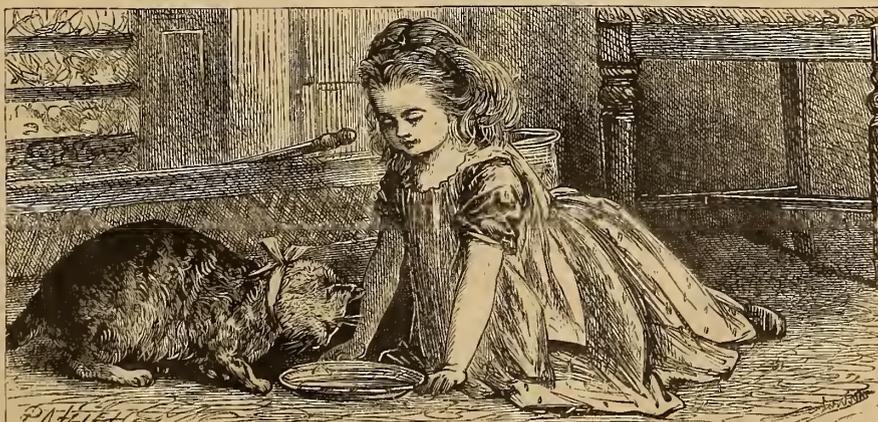
But here comes the nurse, who is shaking her head,
 And frowns at the mischief asleep on her bed;
 But let's hope when Miss Meddlesome's slumber is
 o'er,
 She may wake from good dreams, and do mischief
 no more.

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY.

JANE TAYLOR.

I LIKE little Pussy,
 Her coat is so warm;
 And if I don't hurt her,
 She'll do me no harm.
 So I'll not pull her tail,
 Nor drive her away,
 But Pussy and I
 Very gently will play:
 She shall sit by my side,
 And I'll give her some food;
 And she'll love me because
 I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
 And then she will purr,
 And thus show her thanks
 For my kindness to her;
 I'll not pinch her ears,
 Nor tread on her paw,
 Lest I should provoke her
 To use her sharp claw;
 I never will vex her,
 Nor make her displeased,
 For Pussy don't like
 To be worried or teased.



DIRTY JACK.

JANE TAYLOR.

THERE was one little Jack,
 Not very long back,
 And 'tis said, to his lasting disgrace,
 That he never was seen
 With his hands at all clean,
 Nor yet ever clean was his face.

When to wash he was sent,
 He reluctantly went,
 With water to splash himself o'er;
 But he left the black streaks
 All over his cheeks,
 And made them look worse than before.

His friends were much hurt
 To see so much dirt,
 And often and well did they scour;
 But all was in vain,
 He was dirty again
 Before they had done it an hour.

The pigs in the dirt
 Couldn't be more expert
 Than he was in grubbing about;
 So at last people thought
 The young gentleman ought
 To be made with four legs and a snout.

LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

WHERE do you come from,
 You little drops of rain,
 Pitter patter, pitter patter
 Down the window-pane?

They won't let me walk,
 And they won't let me play,
 And they won't let me go
 Out-of-doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings
 Because I broke them all,
 And then they locked up all my bricks,
 And took away my ball.

Tell me, little rain-drops,
 Is that the way you play—

Pitter patter, pitter patter
 All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
 But I've nothing else to do
 But sit here at the window:
 I should like to play with you.

The little rain-drops can not speak;
 But "pitter patter pat"
 Means, "We can play on *this* side,
 Why can't you play on *that*?"

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

A FROG he would a-woosing go,
 Sing, heigh-ho! says Rowley;
 Whether his mother would let him or no:
 With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach;
 Heigh-ho! says Anthony Rowley.

So off he marched with his opera-hat,
 And on the way he met with a rat.

And when they came to the mouse's hall,
 They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud
 call.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
 "Yes, kind sir; I am sitting to spin."

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?
 For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."

Now, while they were all a merry-making,
 The cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown;
 The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.

This put poor Frog in a terrible fright,
 So he took up his hat, and he wished them good-
 night.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
 A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.

So there was an end of one, two, and three—

Heigh-ho! says Rowley—

The rat, the mouse, and the little Froggee!
 With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach;
 Heigh-ho! says Anthony Rowley.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

SING a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Down came a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.

KATIE'S TROUBLE.

"YOUR bath is quite ready, my little Miss Kate;
Come, darling," said Nursey, "I really can't
wait."

But Katie was putting her Dolly to bed,
And ran away shaking her wise little head.

So Nurse had a race; but she very soon caught her,
Undressed her, and popped her right into the wa-
ter;
While Dolly was set on a chair by her side,
All ready for bed when her mistress was dried.

One terrible trouble this little Kate had:
All through the long day there was nothing so bad
As having her little face covered with wet;
And many a wash did that little face get.

She held down her head, and she squeezed up her
eyes,
And pressed her mouth close that there might be
no cries;
Then gasped as the handfuls came—one, two, and
three,
And blinked her wet eyelids before she could see.

At last, when the troublesome washing was done,
Little Kate in her bath would have capital fun—
Would let the soap drop for a dear little fish,
And round her fat knees she would swim the soap-
dish.

She would splash the warm water up over her
shoulder,
And peep up to see whether Nursey would scold
her.

At length Nursey lifts her pet out of the tub,
And ends all the fun with a very warm rub.

BABY'S COMPLAINT.

O MOTHER, dear mother, no wonder I cry!
 More wonder by far that your baby don't die;
 No matter what ails me, no matter who's here,
 No matter how hungry the "poor little dear,"
 No matter if full or all out of breath,
 She trots me, and trots me, and trots me to death!

I love my dear nurse, but I dread that great knee;
 I like all her talk, but, woe unto me!
 She can't be contented with talking so pretty,
 And washing, and dressing, and doing her duty;
 And that's very well: I can bear soap-and-water;
 But, mother, she is an unmerciful trotter!

Pretty ladies, I do want to look at your faces;
 Pretty cap! pretty fire! let me see how it blazes;
 How can I, my head going bibity-bob?
 And she trots me the harder, the harder I sob.
 O mother, do stop her, I'm inwardly sore!
 I hiccough, and cry, and she trots me the more,
 And talks about wind, when 'tis she makes me ache;
 Wish 'twould blow her away for poor baby's sake!

Thank goodness, I'm still! O blessed, be quiet!
 I'm glad my dear mother is willing to try it.
 Of foolish old customs my mother's no lover,
 And the wisdom of this she can never discover.
 I'll rest me awhile, and just look about,
 And laugh up at Sally, who peeps in and out;
 And pick up some notions as soon as I can,
 To fill my small noddle before I'm a man.

Oh dear! is that she? Is she coming so soon?
 She's bringing my dinner with tea-cup and spoon;
 She'll hold me with one hand, in t'other the cup,
 And as fast as it's down she'll just shake it up;
 And, thumpity-thump! with the greatest delight
 Her heel it is going from morning to night.
 All over the house you may hear it, I'm sure,
 Trot! trotting! Just think what I'm doomed to
 endure!

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A KISS when I wake in the morning,
 A kiss when I go to bed,
 A kiss when I burn my fingers,
 A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
 A kiss when my bath begins;

My mamma is as full of kisses—
 As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
 A kiss when I pull her hair;
 She covered me over with kisses
 The day that I fell down-stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
 A kiss when I give her joy:
 There's nothing like mamma's kisses
 To her own little baby-boy.

SLEEP, BABY BOY.

SLEEP, baby boy!
 The little birds rest,
 Downy and soft,
 In the mother-bird's nest;
 The lambkins are safe
 In the shepherd's warm fold;
 The dew-drops asleep
 In the buttercup's gold.

The violet nods
 To the daisy's dream;
 The lily lies hushed
 On the lap of the stream;
 And holy and calm,
 Like motherly eyes,
 The stars look down
 From the silent skies.

Sleep, baby boy!
 My birdling, my flower,
 My lily, my lambkin,
 My dew-drop, my dower!
 While heart against heart
 Beats softly in time
 To the murmuring flow
 Of my tender old rhyme.

TOM AND THE BARBER.

A MORE untidy boy than Tom
 Was surely never seen;
 His hair was seldom combed, his hands
 And face were seldom clean.

His school-mates oftentimes would try,
 But all in vain, to shame

Tom into tidiness, for still
He came each day the same.

His mother used to seize on him,
And scrub him 'gainst his will,
To which Tom always would object
With cries both loud and shrill.

Now, next door to Tom's mother lived
A barber, who could hear
The great disturbance caused by Tom
When scrubbing-time drew near.

This barber to Tom's mother said,
"I'd like much for one day
To take Tom's scrubbing off your hands."
"Thanks, sir," she said; "you may."

He rubbed and scrubbed, Tom kicked and
screamed;
The barber did not stop
Until he also trimmed his hair,
Once shaggy as a mop.

That morning when Tom went to school,
His playmates all did say,
"Here's a new scholar, neat and clean!
You're welcome, sir, to-day!"

"I'm not a new boy," answered Tom.
They all cried, "Well, that's strange!
We did not know you, you have passed
Through such a wondrous change!"

Then shouder-high around the school
Their altered mate they bore,
And raised such shouts as ne'er were heard
In that playground before.

Tom was so proud of getting praise
For being neat and clean,
That since that day a tidier boy
Was surely never seen.

PUSSY-CAT.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

PUSSY-CAT lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back and purr;
The little mice live in a crack in the wall,
But they hardly dare venture to stir;

For whenever they think of taking the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The Pussy-cat says, "Come out, if you dare!"
I will catch you all with my claws."

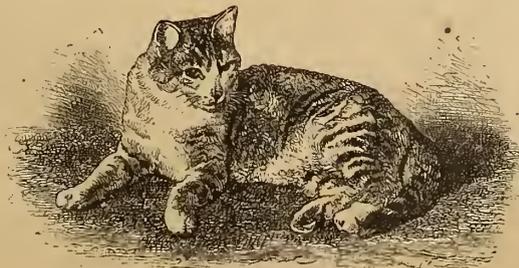
Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, went all the little
mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;
The Pussy-cat said, "It smells very nice;
Now, *do* come out, if you please."

"Squeak!" said the little mouse. "Squeak! squeak!
squeak!"
Said all the young ones too;
"We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we're afraid of *you*."

So the cunning old cat lay down on a mat,
By the fire in the servants' hall:
"If the little mice peep, they'll think I'm
asleep."
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"Squeak!" said the little mouse; "we'll creep
out
And eat some Cheshire cheese;
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble, went all the little mice,
And they licked their little paws;
Then the cunning old cat sprang up from the
mat,
And caught them all with her claws.





DAME TROT AND HER COMICAL CAT.

OLD Dame Trot

Set off to the fair,
With her cat on her shoulder,
To see the folks there.
The people all laughed
As they saw them go by;
Says the Dame, "I'll laugh too;"
But says Pussy, "I'll cry."

She bought her some shoes,
Of a very bright red;
But when she came back,
She found Pussy in bed.
She went to the cloak-shop,
And bought her a cloak;
When she came back again,
Pussy just had awoke.

She went to the dairy,
To buy her some milk;
When she came back,
Puss was sewing on silk.
She went to the fish-shop,
And bought her some fish;
When she came back,
Puss was washing a dish.

She went to the florist's,
To buy her a rose;
When she came back,
Pussy stood on her nose.

She went to the fruit-shop,
To buy her a plum;
When she came back,
Puss was beating a drum.

She went to the miller's,
To grind her some corn;
When she came back,
Puss was blowing a horn.
She went to the upholsterer's,
To buy a new bed;
But while she was out,
Naughty Pussy had fled.

She went out again,
And, from a man from the fair,
She bought for herself
A nice rush-bottomed chair.
• She went out the next time,
To buy Pussy a hat;
When she came back,
Puss was catching a rat.

She went to the baker's,
To buy her a bun;
When she came back,
Puss was loading a gun.
She went to the grocer's,
To buy her some figs;
When she came back,
Puss was feeding the pigs.

She went to the butcher's,
For meat, I suppose;
When she came back,
Puss was washing some clothes.
She next bought some fur,
And a dress of sky-blue;
Says Dame Trot, "Say 'Thank you!'"
But Pussy said, "Mew!"

A COBWEB MADE TO ORDER.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

A HUNGRY spider made a web
Of thread so very fine,
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
The little slender line.
Round about and round about,
And round about it spun,
Straight across, and back again,
Until the web was done.

Oh, what a pretty shining web
 It was when it was done!
 The little flies all came to see
 It hanging in the sun.

Round about, and round about,
 And round about they danced,
 Across the web, and back again,
 They darted and they glauced.

The hungry spider sat and watched
 The happy little flies;
 It saw all round about its head,
 It had so many eyes.

Round about, and round about,
 And round about they go,
 Across the web, and back again,
 Now high—now low.

"I'm hungry, very hungry,"
 Said the spider to a fly.

"If you were caught within the web
 You very soon should die."

But round about, and round about,
 And round about once more,
 Across the web, and back again,
 They flitted as before.

For all the flies were much too wise
 To venture near the spider;
 They flapped their little wings, and flew
 In circles rather wider.

Round about, and round about,
 And round about went they,
 Across the web, and back again,
 And then they flew away.

— — — — —
 WHEN GOOD KING ARTHUR RULED HIS
 LAND.

WHEN good King Arthur ruled his laud
 He was a goodly king;
 He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
 To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
 And stuffed it well with plums,
 And in it put great lumps of fat
 As big as my two thumb's.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
 And all the court besides;
 And what they could not eat that night,
 The queen next morning fried.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

MARY HOWITT.

"WILL you walk into my parlor?"
 Said a spider to a fly;
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlor
 That ever you did spy.
 The way into my parlor
 Is up a winding stair,
 And I have many pretty things
 To show when you are there."
 "Oh no, no!" said the little fly;
 "To ask me is in vain;
 For who goes up your winding stair
 Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary
 With soaring up so high;
 Will you rest upon my little bed?"
 Said the spider to the fly.
 "There are pretty curtains drawn around,
 The sheets are fine and thin,
 And if you like to rest awhile,
 I'll snugly tuck you in."
 "Oh no, no!" said the little fly,
 "For I've often heard it said
 They never, never wake again
 Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly,
 "Dear friend, what shall I do
 To prove the warm affection
 I've always felt for you?
 I have within my pantry
 Good store of all that's nice;
 I'm sure you're very welcome—
 Will you please to take a slice?"
 "Oh no, no!" said the little fly;
 "Kind sir, that can not be;
 I've heard what's in your pantry,
 And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
 "You're witty and you're wise;
 How handsome are your gauzy wings!
 How brilliant are your eyes!
 I have a little looking-glass
 Upon my parlor shelf;
 If you'll step in one moment, dear,
 You shall behold yourself."
 "I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
 "For what you're pleased to say;

And, bidding you good-morning now,
I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon be back again ;
So he wove a subtle thread
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly.
He went out to his door again,
And merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
With the pearl and silver wing!
Your robes are green and purple!
There's a crest upon your head!
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead."

Alas! alas! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by :
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew—
Thought only of her brilliant eyes,
And green and purple hue ;
Thought only of her crested head—
Poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den
Within his little parlor—but
She ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children,
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words
I pray you ne'er give heed.
Unto an evil counselor
Close heart, and ear, and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly.

MY LADY WIND.

My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to get her foot in ;

She tried the key-hole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

Aud then, one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark
That all the house was bothered ;
From it she raised up such a flame,
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus, when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,
The same will come, you'll find.
Take my advice, restrain the tongue ;
Remember what old Nurse has sung
Of busy Lady Wind.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

VERY high in the pine-tree
The little turtle-dove
Made a pretty nursery,
To please her little love.
She was gentle, she was soft ;
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate,
Who was sitting close by.

"Coo!" said the turtle-dove.
"Coo!" said she.
"Oh, I love thee!" said the turtle-dove.
"And I love thee."
In the long, shady branches
Of the dark pine-tree,
How happy were the doves
In their little nursery!

The young turtle-doves
Never quarreled in their nest ;
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother best.
"Coo!" said the little doves.
"Coo!" said she.
And they played together kindly
In the dark pine-tree.

In this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the turtle-dove's nest—
Do you love one another ?

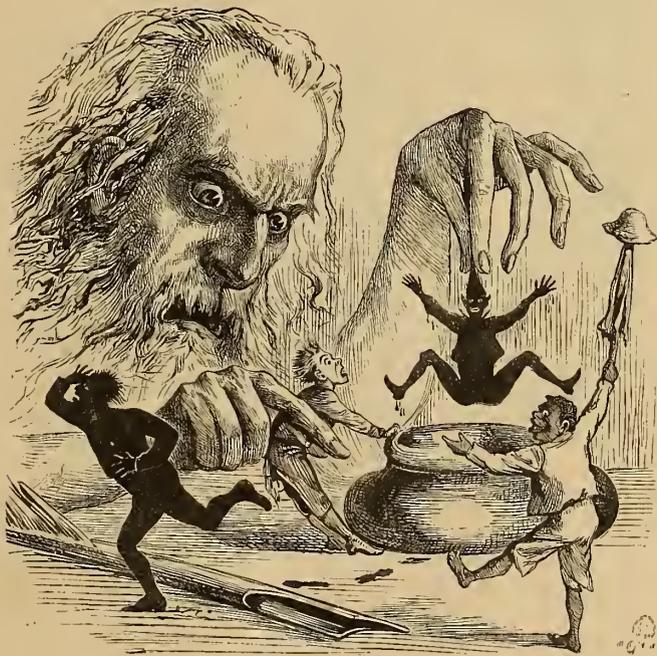
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery!

—◆◆◆—
THE INKY BOYS.

As he had often done before,
The woolly-headed blackamoor,
One sultry summer's day went out
To see the shops and walk about;
And as he found it hot, poor fellow,
He took with him his green umbrella.

He had a monstrous inkstand, too,
In which a great goose-feather grew;
He called out in an angry tone,
"Boys, leave the blackamoor alone!
For if he tries with all his might
He can not change from black to white."
But, ah! they did not mind a bit
What Saint Nicholas said of it;
But went on laughing as before,
And hooting at the blackamoor.

Saint Nicholas now foams with rage;
Look at him on this very page!
He seizes Caspar, seizes Ned,
Takes William by his little head,



Then Edward, little noisy wag,
Ran out, and laughed, and waved his flag;
And William came, in jacket trim,
And brought his wooden hoop with him;
And Caspar, too, snatched up his toys,
And joined the other naughty boys;
So one and all set up a roar,
And laughed and hooted more and more,
And kept on singing—only think—
"O Blacky, you're as black as ink!"

Saint Nicholas now lived close by—
So large he almost touched the sky;

And they may scream and kick and call,
But in the ink he dips them all;
Into the inkstand, one, two, three,
Till they are black as black can be;
See, there they are, and there they run:
The blackamoor enjoys the fun!
They have been made as black as crows,
Quite black all over, eyes and nose,
And legs, and arms, and heads, and toes,
And trousers, pinafores, and toys,
The silly little inky boys,
Because they set up such a roar,
And teased the harmless blackamoor!

FIRE!

ADELAIDE TAYLOR.

My prayers I said, I went to bed,
And soon I fell asleep;
But soon I woke, my sleep was broke,
I through the curtain peep.

I heard a noise of men and boys,
The watchman's rattle too;
And "Fire!" they cried: and then cried I,
"Oh dear! what shall I do?"

A shout so loud came from the crowd
Aronnd, above, below;
And in the street the neighbors meet,
Who would the matter know.

Now, down the stairs run threes and pairs,
Enough to break their bones;
The firemen swear, the engines tear,
And thunder o'er the stones.

The roof, and wall, and stair, and all,
And rafters tumble in;
Red flames and blaze now all amaze,
And make a dreadful din!

And horrid screams, when bricks and beams
Come tumbling on their heads;
And some are smashed, and some are crashed,
Some leap on feather-beds!

Some burn, some choke with fire and smoke;
And oh! what was the cause?
My heart's dismayed! Last night I played
With Tommy lighting straws!

THE MUFFIN-MAN'S BELL.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

"TINKLE! tinkle! tinkle!" 'Tis the muffin-man
you see.

"Tinkle! tinkle!" says the muffin-man's bell;
"Any crumpets, any muffins, any cakes for your
tea?
There are plenty here to sell."

"Tinkle!" says the little bell clear and bright.
"Tinkle! tinkle!" says the muffin-man's bell.
We have had bread and milk for supper to-night,
And some nice plum-cake as well.

"Tinkle! tinkle! tinkle!" says the little bell
again;
But it sounds quite far away:
"If you don't buy my muffins and my cakes, it is
plain
I must take them home to-day."

THE CATS' THANKSGIVING-DAY.

"GIVE me turkey for my dinner,"
Said a tabby cat.
"Before you get it you'll be thinner;
Go and catch a rat,"
Said the cook, her mince-pies making,
Looking fierce and red,
And a heavy roller shaking
Over pussy's head.

Hark! her kittens' shriller mewling.

"Give us pie," said they,
To the cook, amid her stewing,
On Thanksgiving-day.
"Pie, indeed! You idle creatures!
Who'd have thought of that?
Wash your paws and faces neater,
And go hunt! Scat! Scat!"

So they went and did their duty,
Diligent and still;

Exercise improved their beauty,
As it always will.

Useful work and early rising
Brought a merry mood;

And they found the cook's advising,
Though severe, was good.

THE ROBBER KITTEN.

A KITTEN once to its mother said,
"I'll never more be good;
But I'll go and be a robber fierce,
And live in a dreary wood!
Wood! wood! wood!
And live in a dreary wood!"

So off it went to the dreary wood,
And there it met a cock,
And blew its head, with a pistol, off,

Which gave it an awful shock!
Shock! shock! shock!
Which gave it an awful shock!

It climbed a tree, to rob a nest
Of young and tender owls;
But the branch broke off, and the kitten fell,

Till puss was felled with an awful club,
Most terrible to see!
See! see! see!
Most terrible to see!

When puss got up, its eye was shut,
And swelled, and black and blue;



With six tremendous howls!
Howls! howls! howls!
With six tremendous howls!

Soon after that it met a cat:
"Now, give to me your purse;
Or I'll shoot you through, and stab you too,
And kill you, which is worse!
Worse! worse! worse!
And kill you, which is worse!"

One day it met a robber dog,
And they sat down to drink;
The dog did joke, and laugh, and sing,
Which made the kitten wink!
Wink! wink! wink!
Which made the kitten wink!

At last they quarreled; then they fought
Beneath the greenwood tree,

Moreover, all its bones were sore;
So it began to mew!
Mew! mew! mew!
So it began to mew!

Then up it rose, and scratched its nose,
And went home very sad;
"Oh, mother dear! behold me here,
I'll never more be bad!
Bad! bad! bad!
I'll never more be bad!"

— — — — —
LONG TIME AGO.

ONCE there was a little Kitty,
White as the snow;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
 Ran to and fro;
 For she heard the little Kitty,
 Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little Kitty,
 Black as a crow;
 And they spied the little mousie,
 Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little Kitty,
 Paws soft as dough;
 And they caught the little mousie,
 Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little Kitty,
 All in a row;
 And they bit the little mousie,
 Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little Mousie,
 Mousie cried, "Oh!"
 But she got away from Kitty,
 Long time ago.



THE GREAT BROWN OWL.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

THE brown owl sits in the ivy-bush,
 And she looketh wondrous wise,
 With a horny beak beneath her cowl,
 And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all day on the self-same spray,
 From sunrise till sunset;
 And the dim gray light it was all too bright
 For the owl to see in yet.

"Jenny Owlet, Jenny Owlet," said a merry little
 bird,
 "They say you're wondrous wise;
 But I don't think you see, though you're looking
 at ME
 With your large, round, shining eyes."

But night came soon, and the pale white moon
 Rolled high up in the skies;
 And the great brown owl flew away in her
 cowl,
 With her large, round, shining eyes.

THE GREEDY LITTLE MOUSE.

ILL tell you a tale of a little gray mouse,
 That lived in the pantry of Grandma's old house:
 He nibbled the pies, and the cake, and the cheese,
 Then danced all about at his pleasure and ease.

The moment he heard Grandma open the door,
 He'd scamper away to his hole in the floor;
 While Grandma, amazed at the loss of her cake,
 Would think it was Billy, or else little Jake.

At last she espied Mouse's crumbs lying round,
 And said, "Ah, the rogue! he must surely be
 found."

And so she went hunting all over the house,
 But naught could she find of the little gray mouse.

For Mousie was cunning, it must be confessed,
 And kept very still in his snug little nest,
 Until all the hunting and searching was o'er;
 Then into the pantry he went as before.

He climbed on the table, then ran up the shelf—
 To cake, rich and spicy, went helping himself;
 Then into the cheese-box he poked his gray nose,
 And even the butter showed marks of his toes.

One day little Mousie came out as before,
 And scattered the cake-crumbs all over the floor,
 Until of its richness he'd eaten his fill;
 Then up he went, climbing a higher shelf still.

A jar partly filled with some rich golden cream,
 Was partly concealed by a large wooden beam.
 "Now for a feast!" said the mouse, with a sigh;
 "If I can but reach it—at least I can try."

And so he leaped up to the edge of the jar,
 And took a peep down, but the cream was too far.
 With all his exertion it just touched his chin;
 And he then lost his balance, and tumbled right in.

The cream filled his nose, it filled up his eyes;
 It filled up his mouth, and it stifled his cries.
 He struggled and struggled, but all was in vain—
 The cream drew him nuder again and again.

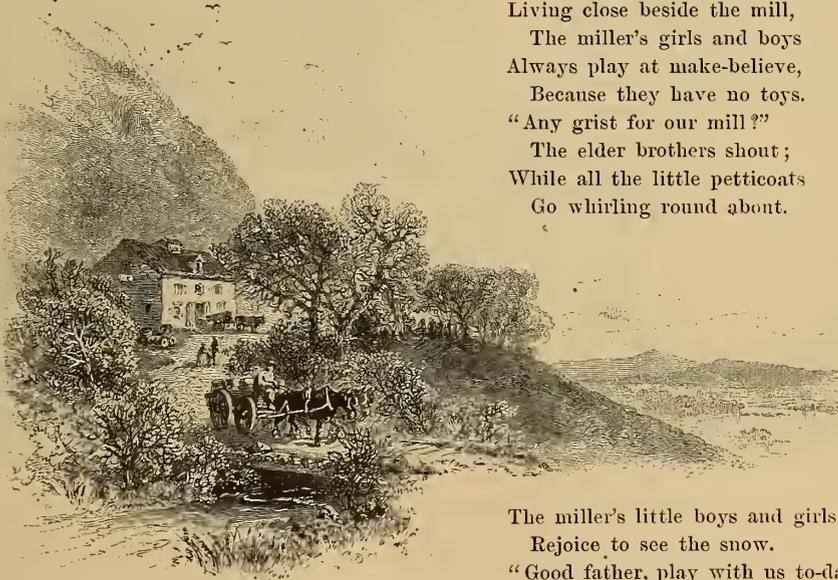
At last all was silent; not even his head
 Was seen in the cream-pot—for Mousie was dead.
 With rich satisfaction did Pussy's eyes gleam,
 When she feasted on Mousie all covered with
 cream!

THE WATER-MILL.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

"ANY grist for the mill?"
 How merrily it goes!
 Flap, flap, flap, flap,
 While the water flows.
 Round about and round about
 The heavy millstones grind,
 And the dust flies all about the mill,
 And makes the miller blind.

"Any grist for the mill?"
 The jolly farmer packs
 His wagon with a heavy load
 Of very heavy sacks.



Noisily, oh, noisily,
 The millstones turn about;
 You can not make the miller hear,
 Unless you scream and shout.

"Any grist for the mill?"
 The bakers come and go;
 They bring their empty sacks to fill,
 And leave them down below.
 The dusty miller and his men
 Fill all the sacks they bring;
 And while they go about their work,
 Right merrily they sing.

"Any grist for the mill?"
 How quickly it goes round!
 Splash, splash, splash, splash,
 With a whirring sound.
 Farmers, bring your corn to-day;
 And, bakers, buy your flour;
 Dusty millers, work away,
 While it is in your power!

"Any grist for the mill?"
 Alas! it will not go;
 The river, too, is standing still;
 The ground is white with snow.
 And when the frosty weather comes,
 And freezes up the streams,
 The miller only hears the mill,
 And grinds the corn, in dreams.

Living close beside the mill,
 The miller's girls and boys
 Always play at make-believe,
 Because they have no toys.
 "Any grist for our mill?"
 The elder brothers shout;
 While all the little petticoats
 Go whirling round about.

The miller's little boys and girls
 Rejoice to see the snow.
 "Good father, play with us to-day;
 You can not work, you know.
 We will be the millstones,
 And you shall be the wheel;
 We'll pelt each other with the snow,
 And it shall be the meal."

Oh, heartily the miller's wife
 Is laughing, at the door;
 She never saw the mill worked
 So merrily before.
 "Bravely done, my little lads!
 Rouse up the lazy wheel;
 For money comes but slowly in
 When snow-flakes are the meal!"



MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

SITTING at her window, in her cloak and hat,
I saw Mother Tabbskins, the real old cat;
Very old, very old, crumplety and lame,
Teaching kittens how to scold—is it not a shame?

Kittens in the garden, looking in her face,
Learning how to spit and scold—oh, what a disgrace!

Very wrong, very wrong—very wrong and bad;
Such a subject for our song makes us all too sad.

Old Mother Tabbskins, sticking out her head,
Gave a howl and then a yowl, hobbled off to bed.
Very sick, very sick! very savage, too!
Pray send for a doctor—quick! any one will do.

Doctor Monse came creeping, creeping to her bed,
Lanced her gums, and felt her pulse—whispered
she was dead.

Very sly, very sly, the real old cat
Open kept her weather eye—Monse, beware of that!

Old Mother Tabbskins, saying, “Serves him
right,”

Gobbled up the doctor with infinite delight.

“Very fast, very fast! very pleasant, too!

What a pity it can't last—bring another, do!”

Doctor Dog comes running—just to see her, begs;
Round his neck a comforter, trousers on his legs.

Very grand! very grand! golden-headed cane
Swinging gayly from his hand, mischief in his
brain.

"Dear Mother Tabbykins, and how are you now?
Let me feel your pulse—so, so! show your tongue
—bow-wow!
Very ill, very ill! Please attempt to purr!
Will you take a draught or pill—which do you
prefer?"

Ah, Mother Tabbykins! who is now afraid?
Of poor little Doctor Mouse you a mouthful made.
Very nice, very nice little doctor he!
But for Doctor Dog's advice *you* must pay the fee.

Doctor Dog comes nearer—says she must be bled.
I heard Mother Tabbykins screaming in her bed.
Very near, very near! scuffling out and in,
Doctor Dog looks full and queer. Where is Tab-
byskin?

I will tell the moral without any fuss:
Those who lead the young astray always suffer thus.
Very nice, very nice! let our conduct be,
For all doctors are not mice: some are dogs, you
see!

THE CLOCKING HEN.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

"WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."

"Thank you," said the clocking hen;
"I've something else to do:
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,
I can not walk with you."

"Clock, clock, clock, clock!"
Said the clocking hen:
"My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I'll think about it then."

The clocking hen sat on her nest—
She made it in the hay;
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack! went all the eggs;
Out dropped the chickens small.
"Clock!" said the clocking hen;
"Now I have you all.

"Come along, my little chicks,
I'll take a walk with *you*."
"Halloo!" said the baru-door cock;
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

THE QUARRELSOME KITTENS.

Two little kitteus,
One stormy night,
Began to quarrel,
And then to fight.

One had a mouse,
And the other had none;
And that's the way
The quarrel began.

"I'll have that mouse,"
Said the biggest cat.
"You'll have that mouse?"
We'll see about that!"

"I will have that mouse,"
Said the tortoise-shell;
And, spitting and scratching,
On her sister she fell.

The old lady took
The sweeping-broom,
And swept them both
Right out of the room.

The ground was covered
Thick with snow;
They had lost the mouse,
And had nowhere to go.

So they lay and shivered
Beside the door,
Till the old lady finished
Sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in
As quiet as mice,
All wet with snow,
And cold as ice;

And found it much better,
That stormy night,
To lie by the fire,
Than quarrel and fight.

THE GREEDY DUCK.

JANE TAYLOR.

A DUCK who had got such a habit of stuffing,
That all the day long she was panting and puff-
ing;

And by every creature who did her great crop see,
Was thought to be galloping fast for a dropsy.

One day, after eating a plentiful dinner,
With full twice as much as there should have
been in her,
While up to her eyes in the gutter a-raking,
Was greatly alarmed by the symptoms of choking.

Now there was an old fellow much famed for dis-
cerning,
A drake, who had taken a liking for learning,
And, high in repute with his feathery friends,
Was called Doctor Drake: for this doctor she
sends.

In a hole in the dust-heap was Doctor Drake's
shop,
Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop;
Some gravel and pebbles to help the digestion,
And certain famed plants of the doctor's selection.

So, taking a handful of comical things,
And brushing his topple, and pluming his wings,
And putting his feathers in apple-pie order,
Set out to prescribe for the lady's disorder.

"Dear sir," said the duck, with a delicate quack,
Just turning a little way round on her back,
And leaning her head on a stone in the yard,
"My case, Doctor Drake, is exceedingly hard.

"I feel so distended with wind, and oppressed,
So squeamish and faint—such a load at my chest;
And, day after day, I assure you, it is hard
To suffer with patience these pains in my giz-
zard."

"Give me leave," said the doctor, with medical
look,
As her cold, flabby paw in his fingers he took;
"By the feel of your pulse, your complaint, I am
thinking,
Is caused by your habit of eating and drinking."

"Oh no, sir, believe me," the lady replied,
Alarmed for her stomach as well as her pride;

"I am sure it arises from nothing I eat;
For I rather suspect I got wet in my feet.

"I've only been raking a bit in the gutter,
Where the cook had been pouring some cold melt-
ed butter;
And a slice of green cabbage, and scraps of cold
meat,
Just a trifle or two that I thought I could eat."

The doctor was just to his business proceeding,
By gentle emetics, a blister, and bleeding,
When all of a sudden she rolled on her side,
Gave a horrible quack, and a struggle, and died!

Her remains were interred in a neighboring swamp,
By her friends, with a great deal of funeral
pomp;
But I've heard this inscription her tombstone was
put on,
"HERE LIES MRS. DUCK, THE NOTORIOUS GLUT-
TON!"
And all the young ducklings are brought by their
friends,
To learn the disgrace in which greediness ends.



THE CUCKOO.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

AND so you have come back again!
And it was you I heard
Proclaiming it to all the world,
You most conceited bird!

You talked of nothing but yourself
 When you were here before,
 Until your voice became so hoarse
 That you could talk no more.

And now you fly from bush to bush,
 And say, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"
 Have you no friends to care about?
 No useful work to do?

I hear you're such a lazy bird,
 You can not build a nest.
 Perhaps you could, if you would try:
 We ought to do our best.

The little bird that told me this
 Suspected something worse—
 That you neglect your little ones,
 And put them out to nurse.

O Cuckoo! if this story's true,
 I think you're much to blame.
 Then talk no more about yourself:
 Go hide yourself for shame!



WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

"TO-WHIT! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!
 Such a thing I'd never do.
 I gave you a wisp of hay,
 But didn't take your nest away.
 Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!
 Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Bobolink! bobolink!
 Now, what do you think?
 Who stole a nest away
 From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
 I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
 I gave hairs the nest to make;
 But the nest I did not take.
 "Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
 I'm not so mean, anyhow!"

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Bobolink! bobolink!
 Now, what do you think?
 Who stole a nest away,
 From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
 Let me speak a word too!
 Who stole that pretty nest
 From little Yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep. "Oh no!
 I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
 I gave wool the nest to line;
 But the nest was none of mine.
 Baa! baa!" said the sheep. "Oh no!
 I wouldn't treat a poor bird so!"

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Bobolink! bobolink!
 Now, what do you think?
 Who stole a nest away
 From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
 Let me speak a word too!
 Who stole that pretty nest
 From little Yellow-breast?"

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow.
 "I should like to know
 What thief took away
 A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen.
 "Don't ask me again!
 Why, I haven't a chick
 Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,
 And she wove them together.
 I'd scorn to intrude
 On her and her brood.
 Cluck! cluck!" said the hen.
 "Don't ask me again!"

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
 All the birds make a stir!
 Let us find out his name,
 And all cry, 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
 Said little Mary Green.
 "I think I never heard
 Of any thing so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
 Said little Alice Neal.
 "I wonder if he knew
 How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
 And went and hid behind the bed;
 For he stole that pretty nest
 From poor little Yellow-breast.
 And he felt so full of shame,
 He didn't like to tell his name.



THE LITTLE ROBIN-REDBREASTS.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

Two robin-redbreasts built their nest
 Within a hollow tree;
 The hen sat quietly at home,
 The cock sung merrily;
 And all the little young ones said,
 "Wee-wee! wee-vee! wee-wee!"

One day the sun was warm and bright,
 And shining in the sky;
 Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
 'Tis time you learned to fly."
 And all the little young ones said,
 "I'll try! I'll try! I'll try!"

I know a child, and who she is
 I'll tell you by-and-by,
 When mamma says "Do this" or "that,"
 She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
 She'd be a better child by far
 If she would say, "I'll try."

DAME DUCK'S LECTURE.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

OLD Mother Duck has hatched a brood
 Of ducklings, small and callow:
 Their little wings are short, their down
 Is mottled-gray and yellow.

There is a quiet little stream
 That runs into the moat,
 Where tall green sedges spread their leaves,
 And water-lilies float.

Close by the margin of the brook
 The old duck made her nest—
 Of straw, and leaves, and withered grass,
 And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
 In rainy days and fine,
 Until the ducklings all came out—
 Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

One peeped from out beneath her wing,
 One scrambled on her back.
 "That's very rude," said old Dame Duck;
 "Get off! quack, quack, quack, quack!"

"'Tis close," said Dame Duck, shoving out
 The egg-shells with her bill;
 "Besides, it never snits young ducks
 To keep them sitting still."

So, rising from her nest, she said,
 "Now, children, look at me:
 A well-bred duck should waddle so,
 From side to side—d'ye see?"

"Yes," said the little ones. And then
 She went on to explain:
 "A well-bred duck turns in its toes
 As I do: try again."

"Yes," said the ducklings, waddling on.
 "That's better," said their mother;
 "But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
 Straight—one behind another."

"Yes," said the little ducks again,
 All waddling in a row.
 "Now to the pond!" said old Dame Duck.
 Splash! splash! and in they go.

"Let me swim first," said old Dame Duck;
 "To this side, now to that;
 There, snap at those great brown-winged flies;
 They make young ducklings fat.

"Now, when you reach the poultry-yard,
 The hen-wife, Molly Head,
 Will feed you, with the other fowls,
 On bran and mashed-up bread:

"The hens will peck and fight; but mind,
 I hope that all of you
 Will gobble up the food as fast
 As well-bred ducks should do.

"You'd better get into the dish,
 Unless it is too small;
 In that case, I should use my foot,
 And overturn it all."

The ducklings did as they were bid,
 And found the plan so good,
 That, from that day, the other fowls
 Got hardly any food.

That we have lost our mittens!"
 "Lost your mittens!
 You naughty kittens!
 Then you shall have no pie."
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!
 "No, you shall have no pie."
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

The three little kittens found their mittens;
 And they began to cry,
 "O mother dear,
 See here, see here!
 See, we have found our mittens!"
 "Put on your mittens,
 You silly kittens,
 And you may have some pie."
 Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!
 "Oh, let us have the pie!"
 Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
 And soon eat up the pie.
 "O mother dear,
 We greatly fear



THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

MES. FOLLEN.

THREE little kittens lost their mittens;
 And they began to cry,
 "O mother dear,
 We very much fear

That we have soiled our mittens!"
 "Soiled your mittens!
 You naughty kittens!"
 Then they began to sigh,
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!
 Then they began to sigh,
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry.

“O mother dear,
Do you not hear

That we have washed our mittens?”

“Washed your mittens!
Oh, you're good kittens!

But I smell a rat close by.”

Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow!

We smell a rat close by.

Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!



OFF TO THE WAR.

MRS. CHARLES HEATON.

COME, saddle and bridle my gallant roan steed!
Give him a mouthful of hay.
Sweet hostler, I hope he has had a good feed
Of beans and oats to-day!

Now give him his head! Good-bye, my love!
My groom jumps up behind;
Then off we go at a galloping pace,
Outstripping far the wind!

Away! away! over hill and plain!
A rider bold am I.
You can not throw me off, old horse,
However much you try!

Away! away! we still gallop on.
I hear the caunon's roar!
My good broadsword I brandish high—
We're off unto the war.

THE DOG AND THE CAT.—THE DUCK AND THE RAT.

MRS. FOLLEN.

ONCE on a time, in rainy weather,
A dog and a cat,
A duck and a rat,
All met in a barn together.
The dog he barked,
The duck she quacked,
The cat she humped up her back;
The rat he squeaked,
And off he sneaked
Straight into a nice large crack.

The little dog said (and he looked very wise),
“I think, Mrs. Puss,
You make a great fuss,
With your back and your great green eyes;
And you, Madam Duck,
You waddle and cluck,
Till it gives one the fidgets to hear you.
You had better run off
To the old pig's trough,
Where none but the pigs, ma'am, are near you.”

The duck was good-natured, and she ran away;
But old Pussy-cat,
With her back up, sat,
And said she intended to stay;
And she showed him her paws,
With her long, sharp claws,
So the dog was afraid to come near;
For Puss, if she pleases,
When a little dog teases,
Can give him a box on the ear.



SIR PONTO'S PARTY.

PROFESSOR BRUNS.

THERE once lived in Dogdom a dog of great worth,
Sir Ponto, distinguished for fashion and birth;
His lady, for virtue and beauty as famed;
And three puppy sons—Carlo, Snap, and Dash
named.

It being the season for parties and balls,
For exchanging of visits, and making of calls,
Sir Ponto resolved, with his fair lady's leave,
Next week, at his mansion, his friends to receive.

So young Master Dash was directed to write,
And his friends to a dinner, next week, to invite;
But the ladies expressly to tell, one and all,
That the party would close with an elegant ball.

The excitement the news caused in Dogdom was
great;
Both old dogs and young dogs prepared for the
fête;

Each fully determined to use all his might,
His very best leg to put foremost that night.

Such a brushing of coats and a trimming of caps
In all former dog-days ne'er took place, perhaps;
Shawls, laces, and robes were examined with care,
And ornaments purchased to deck off their hair.

On the long-wished-for day, exactly at five,
The guests in their coaches began to arrive;
And were ushered up-stairs by waiting-men mon-
keys,
Dressed out in a style that became lordly flunkies.

Sir Ponto received them with true courtly grace,
With bows and with greetings, and smiles on his
face;
While his lady declared how delighted she was
To see her dear friends, and to shake their dear
paws.

For a while they engaged in agreeable chat,
Now talking of this, and now talking of that,
Till the butler appeared in a full suit of red,
And said, with a bow, that the table was spread.

Of the various dishes composing the treat—
Of the roast and the boiled, of the fish, fowl, and
meat;

Of the wines and the fruits, of the puddings and
pies—

Sir Ponto had ordered abundant supplies.

But, alas! disappointments our best schemes
await;

Nor are dogs, more than mortals, exempted by
fate.

While we're looking for Joy, Sorrow enters the
door,

And dangers attend us behind and before.

While Beau Pincher was handing a slice of rat-
pie

To Miss Flora, whose beauty had fixed every eye,
A monkey, in handing a dish of hot soup,
Spilled it over her paw and her silk-covered hoop!

The guests, in confusion, now each one arose—
Some examined her paw, some examined her
clothes;

Some plied their smell-bottles, and some plied their
fan;

While the monkeys in terror around the-room ran.

"You wretch of a monkey!" the angry host said,
"You richly deserve I should break your big
head!

Be off with you, quick, you villainous scamp,
Or I'll flatten your nose with this kerosene-lamp!

"Miss Flora, my dear, I am really ashamed—
That chuckle-head monkey's alone to be blamed;
I hope that your sweet paw don't feel any pain:
Your dress we'll have scoured and lusted again."

On Miss Flora's left side sat a long-nosed grey-
hound,

Who, sharing the scalding, leaped up with a
bound,

And seizing poor Pug by the calf of his leg,
Made him howl, and for mercy most lustily beg.

Miss Pussy then jumped up, and with her sharp
claws

Inflicted some scratches on both of his jaws;
While the bull-dog displayed his great, terrible
teeth,

As if at one mouthful he meant him to eat.

Thus surrounded, poor Pug, in frantic despair,
With a shriek, leaped high o'er their heads in the
air,

Nor looking behind him, made straight for the door,
Bare-headed rushed out, and was never seen more!

Mr. Pincher, the beau, now the ladies entreated
To forget their alarm, and again to be seated;
While each gentleman dog did his best to restore
The enjoyment and mirth which existed before.

The laugh and the jest now flew merrily round—
A happier party could scarcely be found;
And soon to the ball-room they eagerly went,
On waltzing and polking each mind fully bent.

On high, in a gallery, in white ermine suits,
Four *newsical* cats sat, with fiddles and flutes;
While the leader, in front, with a wave of his paw,
To the *newsic* and daucing gave order and law.

The *newsic* struck up, and each dog took his place
In the right merry dance, with a right merry face;
They waltzed and they polked, till the low, drooping tail
Plainly showed that their strength was beginning
to fail.

Each dog then his partner led back to her seat,
And hastened to bring her an ice-cream to eat;
While he gallantly stood by, and said, with a *bow*,
That a happier dog never lived, he would *wow*.

Then, in cloaks and in shawls muffled up to the chin,
To their coaches, long waiting, the ladies got in;
And, chatting, drove off, with their beaux by their side,
To protect them from harm as they homeward did ride.

FINALE.

Old Towser, as it now was late,
Shnt up the house and locked the gate;
Then stretched himself upon the floor,
And loudly soon began to snore.

THE BIRDS' PICNIC.

THE birds gave a picnic, the morning was fine,
They all came in couples, to chat and to dine;
Miss Robin, Miss Wren, and the two Misses Jay,
Were dressed in a manner decidedly gay.

And Bluebird, who looks like a handful of sky,
Dropped in with her spouse as the morning wore
by;

The yellow-birds, too, wee bundles of sun,
With the brave chickadees, came along to the fun.

Miss Phoebe was there, in her prim snit of brown;
In fact, all the birds in the fair leafy town.
The neighbors, of course, were politely invited;
Not even the ants and the crickets were slighted.

The grasshoppers came—some in gray, some in green,
And covered with dust, hardly fit to be seen;
Miss Miller flew in, with her gown white as milk;
And Lady Bug flourished a new crimson silk.

The bees turned out lively, the young and the old,
And proud as could be, in their spencers of gold;
But Miss Caterpillar, how funny of her,
She hurried along in her mantle of fur!

There were big bugs in plenty, and gnats great
and small—
A very hard matter to mention them all.
And what did they do? Why, they sported and sang,
Till all the green wood with their melody rang.

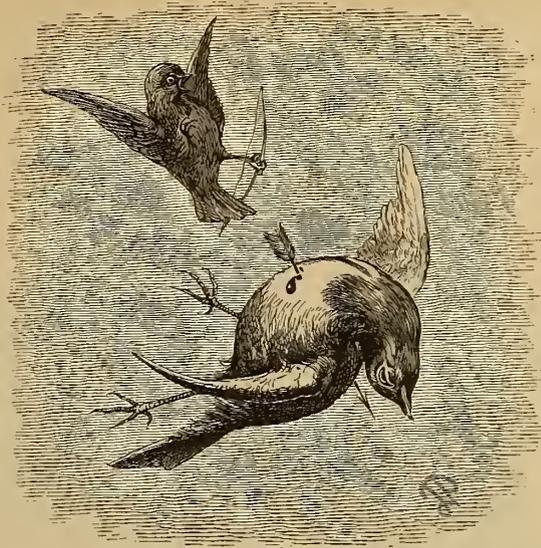
Who'er gave a picnic so grand and so gay?
They hadn't a shower, I'm happy to say.
And when the sun fell, like a cherry-ripe red,
The fire-flies lighted them all home to bed.

COCK ROBIN'S DEATH.

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
And I killed Cock Robin!"

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye,
And I saw him die!"

Who caught his blood?
"I," said the Fish,
"In my little dish,
And I caught his blood!"



Who'll make his shroud ?

"I," said the Beetle,

"With my thread and needle,
And I'll make his shroud!"

Who'll dig his grave ?

"I," said the Owl,

"With my spade and shovel,
And I'll dig his grave!"

Who'll be the parson ?

"I," said the Rook,

"With my little book,
And I'll be the parson!"

Who'll be the clerk ?

"I," said the Lark ;

"If it's not in the dark,
And I'll be the clerk!"

Who'll carry him to the grave ?

"I," said the Kite ;

"If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave!"

Who'll carry the link ?

"I," said the Linnet,

"I'll fetch it in a minnte,
And I'll carry the link!"

Who'll be chief mourner ?

"I," said the Dove,

"For I mourn for my love,
And I'll be chief mourner!"

Who'll sing a psalm ?

"I," said the Thrush ;

"If it's not in the bush,
And I'll sing a psalm!"

Who'll toll the bell ?

"I," said the Bull,

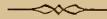
"Because I can pull,
And I'll toll the bell!"

And all the birds fell

To sighing and sobbing,

When they heard tell

Of the death of Cock Robin!



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Old Mother Hubbard

Went to the cupboard,

To get her poor dog a bone ;

But when she came there,

The cupboard was bare,

And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's,

To buy him some bread ;

And when she came back,

The poor dog was dead.

She went to the undertaker's,
To get him a coffin ;
And when she came back,
The dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish,
To get him some tripe ;
And when she came back,
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the barber's,
To buy him a wig ;
And when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruit-shop,
To buy him some fruit ;
When she came back,
He was playing the flute.



She went to the beer-shop,
To fetch him some beer ;
When she came back,
The dog sat on a chair.

She went to the tavern,
For white wine and red ;
But when she came back,
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's,
To buy him a hat ;
And when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the tailor's,
To buy him a coat ;
When she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the shoe-shop,
To get him some shoes ;
When she came back,
He was reading the news.

She went to the draper's,
To get him some linen ;
And when she came back,
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's,
To buy him some hose ;
And when she came back,
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a courtesy ;
The dog made a bow.
The dame said, "Your servant."
The dog said, "Bow-wow!"

This wonderful dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight ;
He could sing, he could dance ;
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed ;
And erected a monument
When he was dead.

—◇◇◇—

NIMBLE DICK.

JANE TAYLOR.

My boy, be cool, do things by rule,
And then you'll do them right ;
A story true I'll tell to you,
'Tis of a luckless wight.

He'd never wait, was always late,
Because he was so quick ;
This shatter-brain did thus obtain
The name of Nimble Dick.

All in his best young Dick was dressed ;
Cries he, "I'm very dry!"
Though glass, and jug, and china mng,
On sideboard stood hard by.

With skip-and-jump, unto the pump
With open mouth he goes ;
The water out ran from the spout,
And wetted all his clothes.

A fine tureen as e'er was seen
On dinner-table stood.
Says John, "'Tis hot." Says Dick, "'Tis not ;
I know the soup is good."

His brother bawled, "Yourself you'll scald ;
Oh, Dick, you're so uncount!"
Dick filled his spoon, and then as soon
Conveyed it to his mouth.

Aud soon about he spurts it out,
And cries, "Oh, horrid soup!"
His mother chid ; his father bid
Him from the table troop.

All in dispatch, he made a match
To run a race with Bill.
"My boy," said he, "I'll win, you'll see ;
I'll beat you, that I will."

With merry heart, now off they start,
Like ponies, in full speed ;
Soon Bill he passed, for very fast
This Dicky ran indeed.

But, hurry all, Dick got a fall ;
And, while he sprawling lay,
Bill reached the post, and Dicky lost ;
And Billy won the day.

"Bring here my pad," now cries the lad
Unto the servant John ;
"I'll mount astride, this day I'll ride ;
So put the saddle on."

No time to waste, 'twas brought in haste,
Dick lunged to have it backed ;
With spur and boot on leg and foot,
His whip he loudly cracked.

The mane he grasped, the crupper clasped,
And leaped up from the ground,
All smart and spruce—the girth was loose,
He turned the saddle round!

Then down he came, the scoff and shame
Of all the standers by ;
Poor Dick, alack! upon his back,
Beneath the horse did lie!

Still slow and sure, success secure,
And be not over quick ;
For method's sake, a warning take
From hasty Nimble Dick.

—◇◇◇—

LADY TABBYSKIN'S BALL.

MRS. CHARLES HEATON.

LADY TABBYSKIN gave a large party last night,
While we were asleep in our beds ;
The pussy-cats danced in the clear moonlight,
All over the tiles and leads.

Sir Grimalkin the Fierce, just home from the wars,
 And Mademoiselle Minette, from France—
 You'd never suspect such a darling had claws—
 Led off in the first country-dance.

Sweet Blanchette was there, blue eyes and white
 hair,

The belle of the country all round ;
 But so deaf that, though all were mioning for her,
 She never could hear the least sound.

Black Tom gazed and sighed, as if deeply in love ;
 He looked somewhat anxious and pale ;
 But just as he hoped the fair creature to move,
 Slyboots gave a tug at his tail.

Miss Tortoise-shell sung a most beautiful song,
 Though I could not quite make out the words ;
 But the pith of the ditty, unless I heard wrong,
 Was tender, young mice and sweet birds.

Then all joined in chorus—oh dear! oh dear!
 It woke me up out of my sleep ;
 Such music it never befell me to hear!
 I ran to the window to peep :

And there I beheld the sweet picture you see,
 Of the big pussy-cats, and the small,

As they danced and they sung on the roofs in high
 glee,
 At the great Lady Tabby's ball!



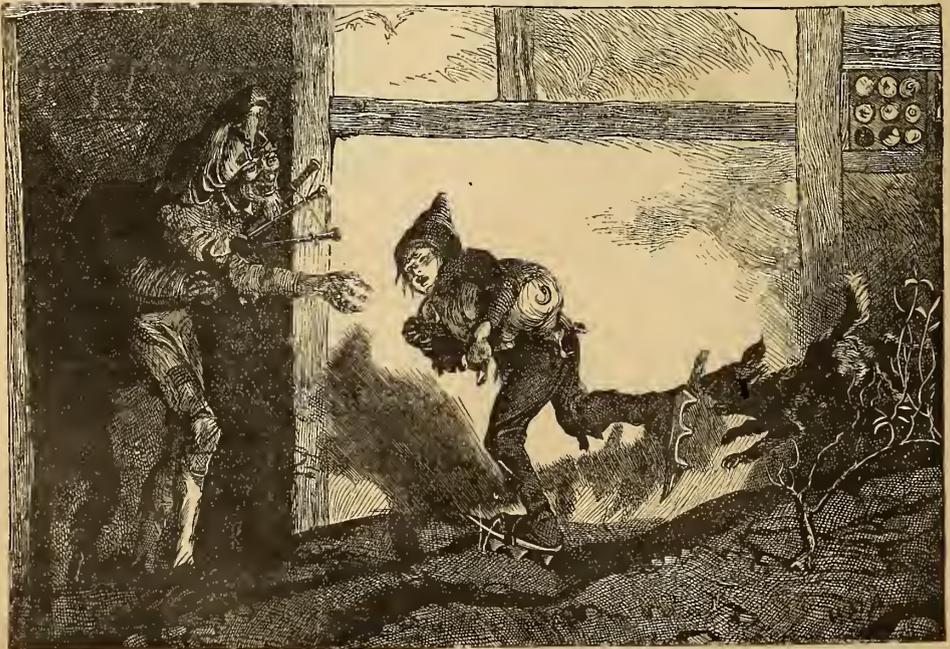
TOM, HE WAS A PIPER'S SON.

TOM, he was a piper's son,
 He learned to play when he was young ;
 But all the tune that he could play
 Was, "Over the hills and far away."

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
 That he greatly pleased the girls and boys,
 And they all stopped to hear him play
 "Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
 That those who heard him could never stand still ;
 Whenever they heard him, they began to dance ;
 Even pigs on their hind legs would after him
 prance.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs ;
 He used his pipe, and she used her legs ;
 She danced about till the eggs were all broke ;
 She began to fret, but he laughed at the joke.



He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
 Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
 He took out his pipe, and played them a tune,
 And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

— — —

HASTY JEM.

ADELAIDE TAYLOR.

YOUNG Jem at noon returned from school,
 As hungry as could be;
 He cried to Sue, the servant-maid,
 "My dinner give to me."

Said Sue, "It is not yet come home;
 Besides, it is not late."
 "No matter that," cried little Jem;
 "I do not wish to wait."

Quick to the baker's Jemmy went,
 And asked, "Is dinner done?"
 "It is," replied the baker's man.
 "Then home with it I'll run."

"Nay, sir," replied he, prudently;
 "I tell you 'tis too hot.
 And much too heavy 'tis for you."
 "I tell you it is not."

"Papa, mamma, are both gone out,
 And I for dinner long;
 So give it me, it is all mine—
 And, baker, hold your tongue!

"A shoulder 'tis of mutton nice,
 And batter-pudding, too;
 I'm glad of that, it is so good—
 How clever is our Sue!"

Now, near his door young Jem was come,
 He round the corner turned,
 When, oh, sad fate, unlucky chance!
 The dish his finger burned!

Low in the gutter down fell dish,
 And down fell all the meat;
 Swift went the pudding in the stream,
 And sailed quite down the street.

The people laughed, and rude boys grinned
 At mutton's hapless fall;

But, though ashamed, young Jemmy cried,
 "Better lose part than all!"

The shoulder by the knuckle seized,
 His both hands grasped it fast,
 And, deaf to all their jibes and cries,
 He reached his home at last.

"Impatience is a fault," said Jem,
 "The baker said too true;
 In future, patient I will be,
 And mind what says our Sue."

— — —

MADAME TARTINE.

Household Words.

THE mighty Lady Bread-and-butter
 Dwelt in a tower of dainties made;
 The walls of pudding-erst were fashioned,
 The floor with cracknels overlaid.
 Sponge-cake was her mattress,
 Well softened with milk;
 Her bed had for curtains
 Spun sugar like silk.

Great Master Muffin did she marry,
 Whose cloak was made of toasted cheese;
 His hat was framed of nicest fritters;
 In pie-erst coat he walked at ease.
 His chocolate waistcoat
 Looked very funny,
 With stockings of candy,
 And slippers of honey.

The fair Angelica, their daughter—
 Ah me! what sweets the maid compose!
 In truth, she was the choicest comfit;
 Of toffee is her lovely nose.
 I see her arraying
 Her gown with such taste!
 She decked it with flowers
 Of best apple-paste.

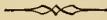
Young Lemonade, that stately sovereign,
 Once came, the lady to adore;
 Large pendent wreaths of roasted pippins,
 Twined in his marmalade locks, he wore.
 With diadem royal
 Of cakes he was decked,
 And a circlet of raisins
 Commanded respect.

A guard of encumbers and capers
 Accompanied their mighty lord;
 Their muskets all were charged with pepper,
 Of onion-peel was every sword.
 Upon a throne sublime of pancakes
 The royal couple proudly sat;
 Bonbons were flowing from their pockets
 From morn till even, and after that!

But wicked fairy Carabossa,
 Inspired, no doubt, by jealous spite,
 Just lifted up her ugly hump, and
 Upset this palace of delight.

MORAL BY THE CHILDREN.

Some sugar pray give us,
 Dear father and mother,
 And we'll do our utmost
 To build up another.



SPITZ'S EDUCATION.

MRS. CHARLES HEATON.

O SPITZ! this really is too bad—
 A dog brought up like you!

Do you forget already, sir,
 All you've been taught to do?

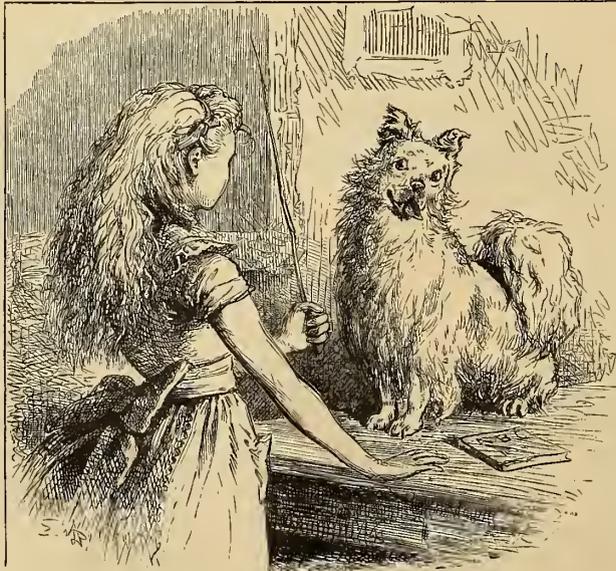
Now, look at me, and pray attend:
 Give me your right-hand paw!
 No! that is not the right one, Spitz;
 I've told you that before.

When I say "Trust," you know, dear Spitz,
 Your honor is concerned;
 You would not gobble up the cake
 Because my back was turned!

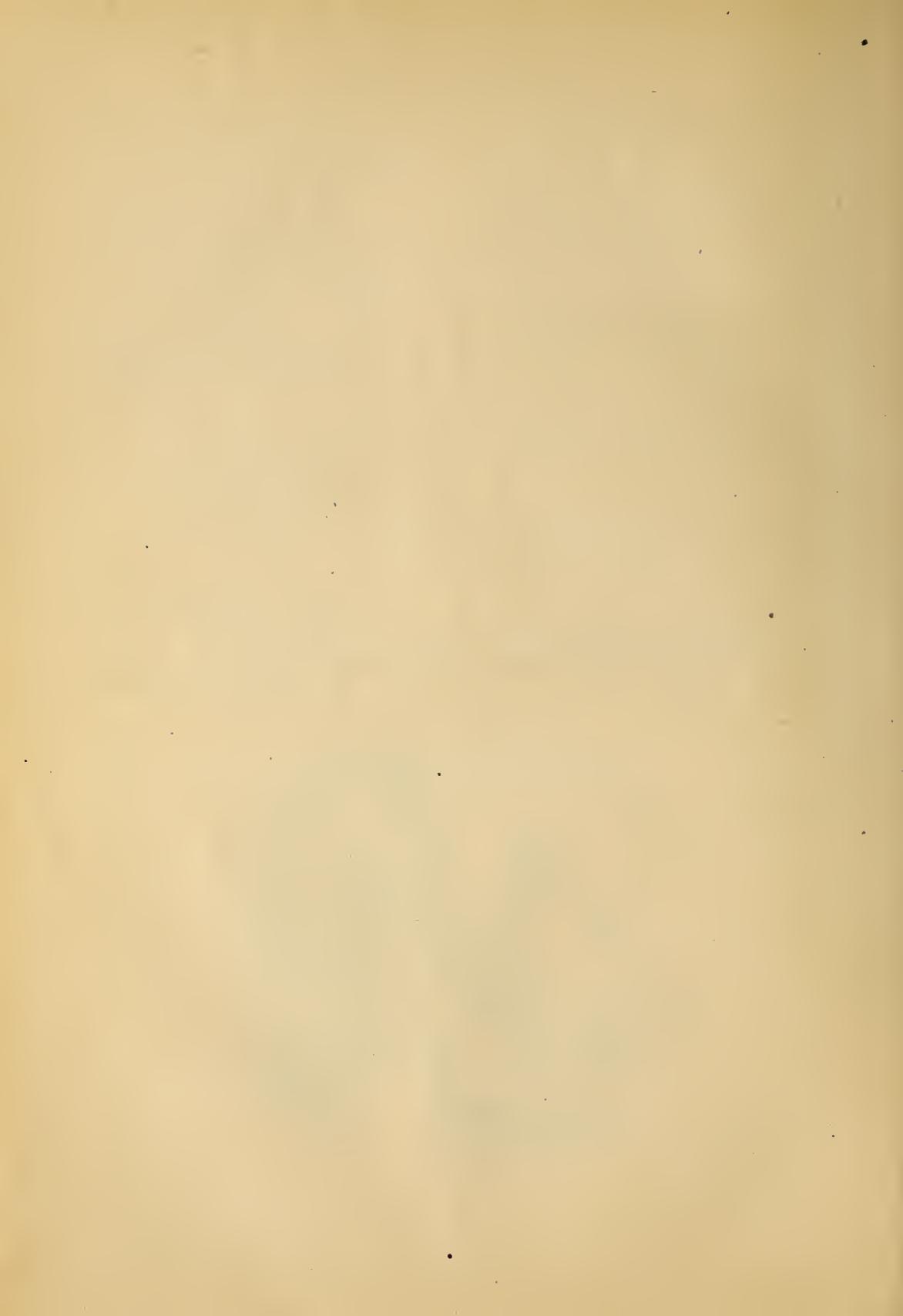
And you must learn to balance things
 Upon your shiny nose;
 And, Spitz, be careful when you walk,
 To turn out well your toes.

Some day I'll teach you, Spitz, to walk
 Upon two legs, like me;
 But then, old Spitz, you must behave
 With more gentility.

Your paw again. You shocking dog!
 With all the pains I've taken,
 To find in right and left paw still
 You always are mistaken!



SONGS FOR CHILDHOOD.



SONGS FOR CHILDHOOD.



THE BABY'S THOUGHTS.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

WHAT'S the baby thinking of?
Can you guess? can you guess?
From between the budding leaves,
Underneath the cottage caves,
Came an answer, "Yes, yes, yes!"

"In the meadow," chirped the Swallow,
"I was flying all the day;
I saw Baby in the clover,
Toddling, tumbling, rolling over,
In his merry play;
Hiding in each grassy hollow,
Out of nurse's way.

"Midst the buttercups-I saw him;
He was humming like the bee,
And the daisies seemed to draw him,
For he crowd'd to see

All their white and pinky faces
Starring over the green places
'Neath the poplar-tree.
And the butterfly that pleased him,
And the May-bloom out of reach,
And the little breeze that teased him,
He is thinking now of each.
Search his eyes, and you shall see
Kinecups meshed in golden mazes,
And a thousand starry daisies,
And a sunbeam flashing free,
And a little shifting shadow,
Such as fluttered o'er the meadow
From the fluttering tree.

Kiss his lip, and taste the rare
Honey-sweetness lingering on it;
Kiss his pretty forehead fair,
May-bloom odors dropped upon it;
And the naughty breeze also—
Kiss his cheek, and you shall find it
In the rich and rosy glow,
And the freshness left behind it.

On all these doth Baby ponder ;
 And they wile him forth to wander
 Still, through fields of scented clover,
 Toddling, tumbling, rolling over,
 Hiding in each grassy hollow."

Thns, between the budding leaves,
 Underneath the cottage eaves,
 Answer made our friend the Swallow.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer!

For summer's nearly done ;
 The garden smiling faintly,
 Cool breezes in the sun ;
 Our thrushes now are silent,
 Our swallows flown away,
 But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
 And scarlet breast-knot gay.
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 Robin sings so sweetly,
 In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
 The leaves come down in hosts ;
 The trees are Indian princes,
 But soon they'll turn to ghosts!
 The leathery pears and apples
 Hang russet on the bough ;
 'Tis autumn, autumn, autumn late,
 'Twill soon be winter now.
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 And what will this poor Robin do ?
 For pinching days are near!

The fireside for the cricket,
 The wheat-stack for the mouse,
 When trembling night-winds whistle
 And moan all round the house.
 The frosty ways like iron,
 The branches plumed with snow—
 Alas! in winter dead and dark
 Where can poor Robin go ?
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 And a crumb of bread for Robin,
 His little heart to cheer.

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

Lilliput Lectures.

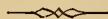
GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
 With the wonderful water round you curled,
 And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
 World, you are beautifully drest!

The wonderful air is over me,
 And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
 It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
 And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far do you go
 With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
 that flow,
 With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
 And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
 I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
 And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
 A whisper inside me seemed to say:

"You are more than the earth, though you are
 such a dot:
 You can love and think, and the earth can not!"



THE BROOK.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

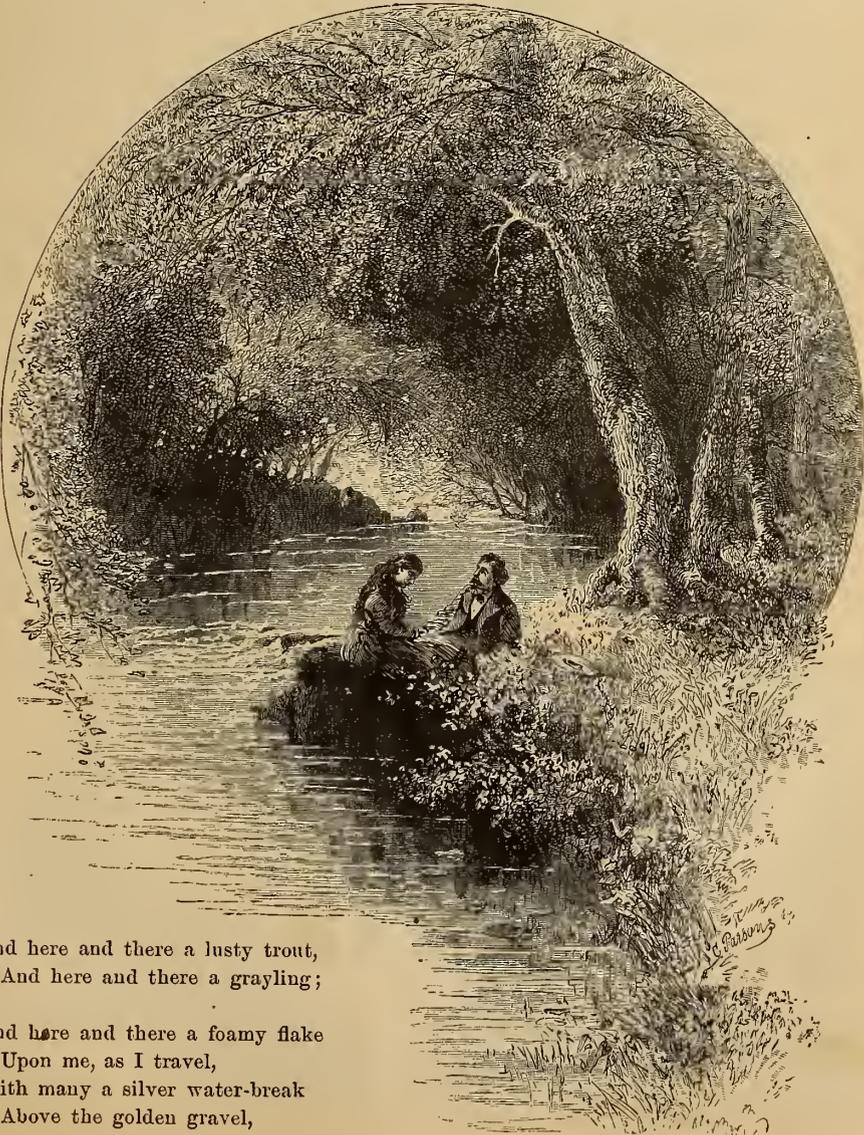
I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
 Among my skimming swallows;



And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel,
 With many a silver water-break
 Above the golden gravel,

I make the nettled snubbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



WINTER.

From the German.

OLD Winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of;
His flesh is firm as iron-stone,
There's nothing he's afraid of.

He spreads his coat upon the heath,
Nor yet to warm it lingers;
He scouts the thought of aching teeth,
Or chilblains on his fingers.

Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing,
Full little cares or knows he;
He hates the fire, and hates the spring,
And all that's warm and cozy.

But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake and river—

When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver;

When first is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after—
That hates he not, he loves it all—
Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the North Pole's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen;
His summer-house, we understand,
In Switzerland he's chosen.

Now from the North he's hither hied,
To show his strength and power;
And when he comes we stand aside,
And look at him and cower.

A WISH.

ROSE TERRY.

"BE my fairy, mother,
Give me a wish a day;
Something as well as sunshine,
As when the rain-drops play."

"And if I were a fairy,
With but one wish to spare,
What should I give thee, darling,
To quiet thine earnest prayer?"

"I'd like a little brook, mother,
All for my very own,
To laugh all day among the trees,
And shine on the mossy stone;

"To run right under the window,
And sing me fast asleep;
With soft steps and a tender sound,
Over the grass to creep.

"Make it run down the hill, mother,
With a leap like a tinkling bell,
So fast I never can catch the leaf
That into its fountain fell.

"Make it as wild as a frightened bird,
As crazy as a bee,
With a noise like the baby's funny laugh—
That's the brook for me!"

THE RAIN.

MRS. WELLS.

"OPEN the window and let me in!"
Sputters the petulant rain;
"I want to splash down on the carpet, dear,
And I can't get through the pane.

"Here I've been tapping outside to you!
Why don't you come, if you're there?
The scuttles are shut, or I'd dash right in,
And stream down the attic stair.

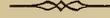
"I've washed the windows, I've spattered the
blinds,
And that is not half I've done:
I bounced on the steps and the sidewalks too,
Till I made the good people run.

"I've sprinkled your plant on the window-sill,
So drooping and wan that looks;
And dusty gutters, I've filled them up
Till they flow like running brooks.

"I have been out in the country too,
For there in glory am I;
The meadows I've swelled, and watered the corn,
And floated the fields of rye.

"Out from the earth sweet odors I bring,
I fill up the tubs at the spout;
While, eager to dance in the puddles I make,
The hare-headed child runs out.

"The puddles are sweet to his naked feet,
When the ground is heated through;
If only you'll open the window, dear,
I'll make such a puddle for you!"



A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THEY say that God lives very high;
But if you look above the pines
You can not see our God; and why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see him in the gold;
Though from him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, he wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his face—
Like secrets kept for love untold.

But still I feel that his embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things
made,
Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lips her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear
guesser?"





THE FAIRIES.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

UP the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home;
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam;
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain lake,

With frogs for their watch-dogs,
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top
 The old king sits;
 He is now so old and gray
 He's nigh lost his wits.
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkil he crosses,
 On his stately journeys
 From Shiveleague to Rosses;
 Or going up with music
 On cold starry nights,
 To sup with the queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long;
 When she came down again
 Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,
 Between the night and morrow;
 They thought that she was fast asleep,
 But she was dead with sorrow.
 They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lakes,
 On a bed of flag-leaves,
 Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.
 Is any man so daring
 As dig up one in spite,
 He shall find the thorn is set
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rashy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

A LITTLE GIRL'S FANCIES.

O LITTLE flowers, you love me so,
 You could not do without me;
 O little birds that come and go,
 You sing sweet songs about me;
 O little moss, observed by few,
 That round the tree is creeping.
 You like my head to rest on you
 When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river-side,
 You bow when I come near you;
 O fish, you leap about with pride,
 Because you think I hear you;
 O river, you shine clear and bright,
 To tempt me to look in you;
 O water-lilies, pure and white,
 You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things, you love me so,
 I see I must not leave you;
 You'd find it very dull, I know—
 I should not like to grieve you.

Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss;
 My flowers, you need not shiver;
 My little buds, don't look so cross;
 Don't talk so loud, my river!

I'm *telling* you I will not go—
 It's foolish to feel slighted;
 It's rnde to interrpt me so—
 You ought to be delighted.
 Ah! now you're growing good, I see,
 Though anger is beguiling:
 The pretty blossoms nod at me—
 I see a robin smiling.

And I will make a promise, dears,
 That will content you, maybe:
 I'll love you through the happy years,
 Till I'm a nice old lady!
 True love, like yours and mine, they say,
 Can never think of ceasing,
 But year by year, and day by day,
 Keeps steadily increasing.

THE SCHOOL.

FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

"LITTLE girl, where do you go to school,
 And when do you go, little girl?
 Over the grass, from dawn till dark,
 Your feet are in a whirl:
 You and the cat jump here and there,
 You and the robins sing;
 But what do you know in the spelling-book?
 Have you ever learned any thing?"

Thus the little girl answered—
 Only stopping to cling
 To my finger a minnte,
 As the bird on the wing
 Catches a twig of sumach,
 And stops to twitter and swing—

"When the daisies' eyes are a-twinkle
 With happy tears of dew;
 When swallows wakeu in the eaves,
 And the lamb bleats to the ewe;
 When the lawns are golden-barred,
 And the kiss of the wiud is cool;
 When morning's breath blows out the stars—
 Theu do I go to school!"

My school-roof is the dappled sky ;
 And the bells that ring for me there
 Are all the voices of morning
 Afloat in the dewy air.
 Kind Nature is the madam ;
 And the book whereout I spell
 Is dog's-eared by the brooks and glens,
 Where I know the lesson well."

Thus the little girl answered,
 In her musical outdoor tone :
 She was up to my pocket,
 I was a man full-grown ;
 But the next time that she goes to school
 She will not go alone !

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THE PROUDEST LADY.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THE queen is proud on her throne,
 And proud are her maids so fine,
 But the proudest lady that ever was known
 Is a little lady of mine.
 And oh, she flouts me, she flouts me,
 And spurns, and scorns, and scouts me ;
 Though I drop on my knee, and sue for grace,
 And beg and beseech with the saddest face,
 Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven by the calendar,
 A lily's almost as tall ;
 But oh, this little lady's by far
 The proudest lady of all.
 It's her sport and pleasure to flout me,
 To spurn, and scorn, and scout me ;
 But ah ! I've a notion it's naught but play,
 And that, say what she will and feign what she
 may,
 She can't well do without me.

When she rides on her nag away,
 By park and road and river,
 In a little hat, so jaunty and gay,
 Oh, then she's prouder than ever !
 And oh, what faces, what faces !
 What petulant, pert grimaces !
 Why, the very pony prances and winks,
 And tosses his head, and plainly thinks
 He may ape her airs and graces.

But at times, like a pleasant tune,
 A sweeter mood o'ertakes her ;
 Oh, then she's as sunny as skies of June,
 And all her pride forsakes her.
 Oh, she dances round me so fairly !
 Oh, her laugh rings out so rarely !
 Oh, she coaxes, and nestles, and purrs, and pries
 In my puzzled face with her great two eyes,
 And owns she loves me dearly.

Ay, the queen is proud on her throne,
 And proud are her maids so fine ;
 But the proudest lady that ever was known
 Is this little lady of mine.
 Good lack ! she flouts me, she flouts me,
 She spurns, and scorns, and scouts me ;
 But ah ! I've a notion it's naught but play,
 And that, say what she will and think what she
 may,
 She can't well do without me.

◆ ◆ ◆

FLOWERS.

THOMAS HOOD.

I WILL not have the mad clytie,
 Whose head is turned by the sun ;
 The tulip is a courtly queen,
 Whom therefore I will shun ;
 The cowslip is a country wench ;
 The violet is a nun ;
 But I will woo the dainty rose,
 The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
 In too much haste to wed,
 And clasps her ring on every hand ;
 The wolf's-bane I should dread ;
 Nor will I dread rosemary,
 That always mourns the dead ;
 But I will woo the dainty rose,
 With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like 'a saint,
 And so is no mate for me ;
 And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
 She is of such low degree ;
 Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves ;
 And the broom's betrothed to the bee ;
 But I will plight with the dainty rose,
 For fairest of all is she.



VAGRANT PANSIES.

NELLIE M. HUTCHINSON.

THEY are all in the lily-bed, cuddled close together—

Purples, Yellow-cap, and little Baby-blue:
How they ever got there you must ask the April weather,

The morning and the evening winds, the sunshine and the dew.

Why they should go visiting the tall and haughty-lilies

Is very odd, and none of them will condescend to say:

They might have made a call upon the jolly Daffodillies;

They might have come to my house any pleasant day.

They don't have a good time, I think; their little faces

Look so very solemn underneath each velvet hood:

I wonder, don't they feel, among the garden's airs and graces,

That shy Cousin Violet is happier in the wood?

Ah, my pretty Pansies, it's no use to go a-seeking;
There isn't any good time waiting anywhere:

I fancy even Violet is troubled—mildly speaking—
When somebody plucks her, finding her so fair.

There's nothing left for you, my pets, but just to do your duty,

Bloom, and make the world sweet—that's the best for you;

There isn't much that's lovelier than your bashful beauty,

My Purples, my Yellow-cap, and my Baby-blue!

THE TREE.

BJÖRNSTJEINE BJÖRNSEN.

THE Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their
brown :

"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweep-
ing down.

"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to
crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung :
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he
swung.

"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"

Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow :
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see ;
Take them ; all are for thee,"

Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs
low.

THE BLUEBELL.

THERE is a story I have heard—
A poet learned it of a bird,
And kept its music every word—

A story of a dim ravine,
O'er which the towering tree-tops lean,
With one blue rift of sky between ;

And there, two thousand years ago,
A little flower, as white as snow,
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day, with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky,
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And through the darkness, night by night,
One gleaming star would climb the height,
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,
And the rising of its favorite star,
A slow change came—but not to mar ;

For softly o'er its petals white
There crept a blueness, like the light
Of skies upon a summer night ;

And in its chalice, I am told,
The bonny bell was formed to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

And bluebells of the Scottish land
Are loved on every foreign strand
Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand.

Now, little people, sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you,
Writ in the floweret's bell of blue :

The patient child whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high,
Shall take their image by-and-by.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

OH! I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With naught but the sky above my head,
And the shadowy clouds that pass!

And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All round about my bed ;
I'll close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel
To take me up to him ;
He will bear me slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Saviour's side,
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
That stand around the throne,
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her how we mourned
All the while she has been gone.

Oh! I shall be delighted
 To hear her speak again,
 Though I know she'll ne'er return to us—
 To ask her would be vain.

So I'll put my arms around her,
 And look into her eyes,
 And remember all I said to her,
 And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
 To bear me back to you;
 He'll bear me slow and steadily
 Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think, dear mother,
 I have been out to play,
 And have gone to sleep beneath a tree,
 This sultry summer's day.

THE BROOK.

MRS. CHARLES HEATON.

WHERE are you running so fast, little brook,
 Over the stones so gray?
 Stop for a moment, I prithee, dear brook,
 Just for a moment, and play.

You chatter away as you flow, little brook,
 But speak to me never a word,
 Though often I whisper to you, little brook,
 Sweet secrets by others unheard.

Oh! what do you say to the birds, little brook,
 That fly to your bosom to drink?

Oh! what do you say to the flowers, dear brook,
 That cluster so close to your brink?

And what do you say to yourself, little brook,
 As you ripple in music along?
 The while that I fill my pitcher, dear brook,
 Please tell me the words of your song.

You are hastening away to the sea, dear brook,
 To the great unfathomèd sea;
 You may not delay for a moment, dear brook:
 Is that what you whisper to me?

Ah! then is your life like ours, little brook,
 Ever hurrying, hurrying on,
 Till the waves, an unknown sea, little brook,
 We reach some day, and are gone!

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn
 Who sits with careless grace,
 Glowering in the fire
 With his wee round face,
 Laughing at the gusty flame—
 What sees he there?
 Ha! the young dreamer
 Builds castles in the air.

His wee chubby face
 And his rough curly head
 Are dancing and nodding
 To the fire in its bed;



He'll brown his rosy cheeks,
 And singe his sunny hair,
 Staring at the imps
 With their castles in the air.

He sees lofty towers
 Rising to the moon;
 He sees little soldiers
 Pulling them all down;
 Worlds rushing up and down,
 Blazing with a flare—
 See how he leaps
 As they glimmer in the air.

For all so sage he looks,
 What can the laddie ken?
 He's thinking upon nothing,
 Like many mighty men.
 A wee thing makes us think,
 A wee thing makes us stare;
 There are more folks than him
 Building castles in the air.

Such a night in winter
 May well make him cold;
 His chin upon his chubby hand
 Will soon make him old.
 His brow is smooth and broad—
 Oh, pray that busy care
 Would let the wean alone,
 With his castles in the air!

He'll glower at the fire,
 And he'll glance at the light,
 But many sparkling stars
 Are swallowed up in night;
 Older eyes than his
 Are dazzled by a glare;
 Hearts are broken, heads are turned,
 With castles in the air.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

JEAN INGELOW.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
 There's no rain left in heaven:
 I've said my "seven times" over and over,
 Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
 My birthday lessons are done;

The lambs play always, they know no better;
 They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
 And shining so round and low;
 You were bright—ah bright! but your light is
 failing;
 You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in
 heaven,
 That God has hidden your face?
 I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
 And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
 You've powdered your legs with gold!
 O brave marsh-mary buds, rich and yellow,
 Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
 O cuckoo-piut, toll me the purple clapper
 That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me the nest with the young ones in it;
 I will not steal them away:
 I am old! You may trust me, linnet, linnet,
 I am seven times one to-day.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

MISS WARNER.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold,
 Through the brown mold,
 Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
 Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground
 The sweet rushing sound
 Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter
 chains;
 Of the whistling spring winds, and the pattering
 rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
 "It's time I should start!"
 So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard
 frozen ground,
 Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds over-
head;

The trees all looked dead.

Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine, and the ice would
not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working away;

"The earth's hard to-day!

There's but a half-inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!

"I can't do much yet, but I'll do what I can.

It's well I began!

For, unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself's
dead!"

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,

All clustered about;

And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly, so brave and so true!

I wish all were like you!

So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

Mrs. GORDON.

AMID the blue and starry sky,
A group of Hours, one even,
Met, as they took their upward flight
Into the highest heaven.

And they were going up to heaven,
With all that had been done
By little children, good or bad,
Since the last rising sun.

And some had gold and purple wings,
Some drooped like faded flowers,
And sadly soared to tell the tale,
That they were misspent Hours.

Some glowed with rosy hopes and smiles,
And some had many a tear;
Others had unkind words and acts
To carry upward there.

A shining Hour, with golden plumes,
Was laden with a deed
Of generous sacrifice, a child
Had done for one in need.

And one was bearing up a prayer
A little child had said,
All full of penitence and love,
While kneeling by his bed.

And thus they glided on, and gave
Their records, dark and bright,
To Him who marks each passing hour
Of childhood's day and night.

THE CHILDREN IN THE MOON.

From the Scandinavian.

HEARKEN, child, unto a story,
For the moon is in the sky,
And across her shield of silver
See two tiny clondlets fly.

Watch them closely, mark them sharply,
As across the light they pass:
Seem they not to have the figures
Of a little lad and lass?

See, my child, across their shoulders
Lies a little pole; and lo!
Yonder speck is just the bucket
Swinging softly to and fro.

It is said these little children,
Many and many a summer night,
To a little well, far northward,
Wandered in the still moonlight.

To the wayside well they trotted,
Filled their little buckets there;
And the moon-man, looking downward,
Saw how beautiful they were.

Quoth the man, "How vexed and sulky
Looks the little rosy boy!
But the little handsome maiden
Trips behind him full of joy.

"To the well behind the hedge-row
Trot the little lad and maiden;

From the well behind the hedge-row
Now the little pail is laden.

"How they please me! how they tempt me!
Shall I snatch them up to-night?
Snatch them, set them here forever,
In the middle of my light?"

"Children, ay, and children's children,
Should behold my babes on high;
And my babes should smile forever,
Calling others to the sky!"

Thus the philosophic moon-man
Muttered many years ago;
Set the babes with pole and bucket,
To delight the folks below.

Never is the bucket empty;
Never are the children old;
Ever when the moon is shining
We the children may behold.

Ever young and ever little,
Ever sweet and ever fair!
When thou art a man, my darling,
Still the children will be there.

Ever young and ever little,
They will smile when thou art old;
When thy locks are thin and silver,
Theirs will still be shining gold.

They will hannt thee from their heaven,
Softly beckoning down the gloom;
Smiling in eternal sweetness
On thy cradle, on thy tomb!

AN ALSACE LEGEND.

L. S. COSTELLO.

KNOWEST thou, Gretchen, how it happens
That the dear ones die?
God walks daily in his garden
While the sun shines high.

In that garden there are roses,
Beautiful and bright,
And he gazes round, delighted
With the lovely sight.

If he marks one gayly blooming,
Than the rest more fair,
He will pause and gaze upon it,
Full of tender care.

And the beauteous rose he gathers
In his bosom lies;
But on earth are tears and sorrow,
For a dear one dies.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

JULIA GILL.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah the mother one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him
With a touch of his finger, they say.

"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Sammel, and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled:
"Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?"

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;

'Mid the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.



“Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,”
 Said Peter, “with children like these?
 Seest not how from morning to evening
 He teacheth and healeth disease?”

Then Christ said, “Forbid not the children,
 Permit them to come unto me!”
 And he took in his arms little Esther,
 And Rachel he set on his knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
 Was lifted all earth-care above,
 As he laid his hand on the brothers,
 And blessed them with tenderest love;

As he said of the babes in his bosom,
 “Of such is the kingdom of heaven.”
 And strength for all duty and trial
 That hour to her spirit was given.

THE CHANGELING.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I HAD a little daughter,
 And she was given to me
 To lead me gently backward
 To the Heavenly Father's knee,
 That I, by the force of nature,
 Might, in some dim wise, divine
 The depth of his infinite patience
 To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
 But to me she was wholly fair,
 And the light of the heaven she came from
 Still lingered and gleamed in her hair ;

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
 And it hardly seemed a day,
 When a troop of wandering angels
 Stole my little daughter away ;
 Or perhaps those heavenly Zingali
 But loosed the hampering strings,
 And when they opened her cage-door,
 My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
 A little angel child,
 That seems like her bud in full blossom,
 And smiles as she never smiled.
 When I wake in the morning, I see it
 Where she always used to lie ;
 And I feel as weak as a violet
 Alone 'neath the awful sky :



For it was as wavy and golden,
 And as many changes took,
 As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
 On the yellow bed of the brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
 Upon me, her kneeling lover ?
 How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
 And dimpled her wholly over,
 Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
 And I almost seemed to see
 The very heart of her mother
 Sending sun through her veins to me !

As weak, yet as trustful also ;
 For the whole year long I see
 All the wonders of faithful Nature
 Still worked for the love of me.
 Winds wander, and dews drip earthward ;
 Rains fall, suns rise and set ;
 Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
 A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was ;
 I can not sing it to rest,
 I can not lift it up fatherly,
 And bless it upon my breast ;

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
 And sits in my little one's chair,
 And the light of the heaven she's gone to
 Transfigures its golden hair.

TO A CHILD DURING SICKNESS.

LEIGH HUNT.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
 My little patient boy ;
 And balmy rest about thee
 Smooths off the day's annoy.
 I sit me down and think
 Of all thy winning ways,
 Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
 That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
 Thy thanks to all that aid ;
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
 Of fancied faults afraid ;
 The little trembling hand
 That wipes thy quiet tears—
 These, these are things that may demand
 Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had—severe ones—
 I will not think of now,
 And calmly, midst my dear ones,
 Have wasted with dry brow ;
 But when thy fingers press
 And pat my stooping head,
 I can not bear the gentleness—
 The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
 When life and hope were new ;
 Kind playmate of thy brother,
 Thy sister, father too ;
 My light where'er I go ;
 My bird, when prison-bound ;
 My hand-in-hand companion— No,
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—
 "His voice"—"his face"—is gone ;
 To feel impatient-hearted,
 Yet feel we must bear on—
 Ah! I could not endure
 To whisper of such woe,
 Unless I felt this sleep insure
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping!
 This silence, too, the while—
 Its very hush and creeping
 Seem whispering us a smile.
 Something divine and dim
 Seems going by one's ear,
 Like parting wings of cherubim,
 Who say, "We've finished here!"

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven
 How the little child-angel May
 In the shade of the great white portal
 Sat sorrowing night and day ;
 How she said to the stately warden—
 He of the key and bar—
 "O angel, sweet angel! I pray you,
 Set the beautiful gates ajar—
 Only a little, I pray you,
 Set the beautiful gates ajar!

"I can hear my mother weeping ;
 She is lonely ; she can not see
 A glimmer of light in the darkness,
 Where the gates shut after me.
 Oh, turn me the key, sweet angel ;
 The splendor will shine so far!"
 But the warden answered, "I dare not
 Set the beautiful gates ajar!"

Then rose up Mary the blessed,
 Sweet Mary, mother of Christ :
 Her hand on the hand of the angel
 She laid, and her touch sufficed ;
 Turned was the key in the portal,
 Fell ringing the golden bar,
 And, lo! in the little child's fingers
 Stood the beautiful gates ajar!
 In the little child-angel's fingers
 Stood the beautiful gates ajar!

"And this key for further using
 To my blessed Son shall be given,"
 Said Mary, mother of Jesus,
 Tenderest heart in heaven.
 Now, never a sad-eyed mother
 But may catch the glory afar,
 Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
 Are the keys of the gates ajar ;
 Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
 And the gates forever ajar!



CHILD AND MOTHER.

THOMAS HOOD.

LOVE thy mother, little one!
 Kiss and elasp her neek again!
 Hereafter she may have a son
 Will kiss and elasp her neek in vain.
 Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
 And mirror baek her love for thee!
 Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs
 To meet them when they can not see.
 Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
 With love that they have often told!
 Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
 And kiss them till thine own are cold.
 Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair,
 Although it be not silver-gray!
 Too early death, led on by eare,
 May snatch save one dear loek away.
 Oh, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
 That heaven may long the stroke defer;
 For thou mayst live the hour forlorn
 When thou wilt ask to die with her.
 Pray for her at eve and morn!

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

"Lilliput Lerce."

If the butterfly courted the bee,
 And the owl the poreupine;
 If churches were built in the sea,
 And three times one were nine;
 If the pony rode his master;
 If the buttercups eat the cows;
 If the eat had the dire disaster
 To be worried, sir, by the mouse;

If mamma, sir, sold the baby
 To a gypsy for half a crown;
 If a gentleman, sir, was a lady—
 The world would be upside down!
 If any or all these wonders
 Should ever come about,
 I should not consider them blunders,
 For I should be inside out!

FATHER IS COMING.

MARY HOWITT.

THE cloek is on the stroke of six,
 The father's work is done;
 Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire,
 And put the kettle on;
 The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
 'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
 He's stronger than the storm;
 He does not feel the cold, not he—
 His heart it is so warm;
 For father's heart is stout and true
 As ever human bosom knew!

He makes all toil, all hardship light;
 Would all men were the same!
 So ready to be pleased—so kind;
 So very slow to blame!
 Folks need not be unkind, austere,
 For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child;
 For far along the lane
 The little window looks, and he
 Can see it shining plain.
 I've heard him say he loves to mark
 The cheerful fire-light through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes;
 His wishes are so few—
 Would they were more—that every hour
 Some wish of his I knew!
 I'm sure it makes a happy day,
 When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming, by this sign—
 That baby's almost wild;
 See how he laughs, and crows, and stares!
 Heaven bless the merry child!
 He's father's self in face and limb,
 And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now;
 He's through the garden-gate;
 Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
 And do not let him wait!
 Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
 For father on the threshold stands!

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Do you ask what the birds say?
 The sparrow, the dove,
 The linnnet, the thrush say,
 "I love! I love!"

In winter they're silent,
 The wind is so strong;

What it says I don't know,
 But it sings a loud song.

But green leaves and blossoms,
 And sunny warm weather,
 And singing and loving,
 All come back together.

And the lark is so brimful
 Of gladness and love—
 The green fields below him,
 The blue sky above—

That he sings, and he sings,
 And forever sings he,
 "I love my love, and
 My love loves me!"

CHOOSING A NAME.

MARY LAMB.

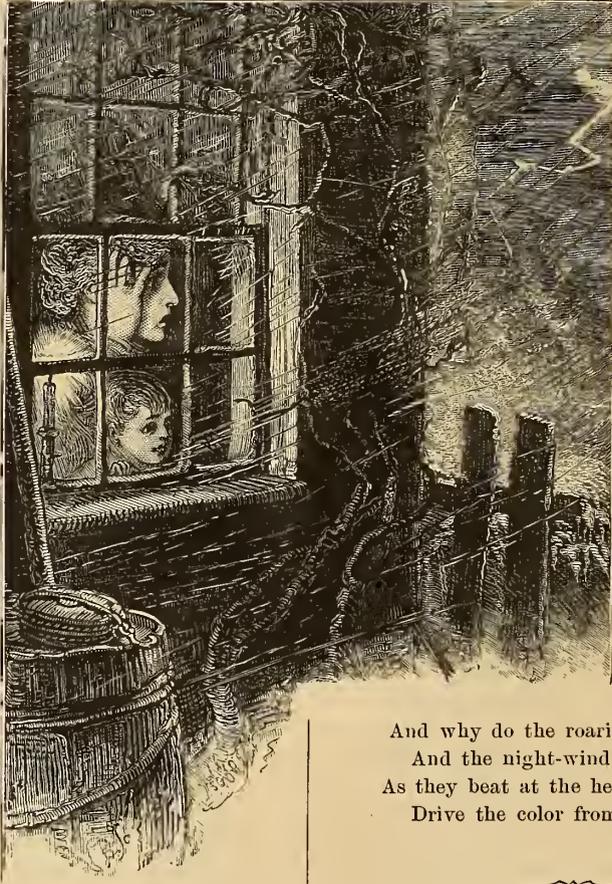
I HAVE got a new-born sister—
 I was nigh the first that kissed her.
 When the nursing-woman brought her
 To papa—his infant daughter—
 How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
 She will shortly be to christen,
 And papa has made the offer,
 I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her—
 Charlotte, Julia, or Lonisa?
 Ann and Mary—they're too common;
 Joan's too formal for a woman;
 Jane's a prettier name beside,
 But we had a Jane that died.
 They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
 That she was a little Quaker.
 Edith's pretty, but that looks
 Better in old English books;
 Ellen's left off long ago;
 Blanche is out of fashion now.
 None that I have named as yet
 Are so good as Margaret.
 Emily is neat and fine;
 What do you think of Caroline?
 How I'm puzzled and perplexed
 What to choose or think of next!
 I am in a little fever,
 Lest the name that I should give her
 Should disgrace her or defame her:
 I will leave papa to name her!

TWILIGHT.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-birds
 Flash the white-caps of the sea.



But in the fisherman's cottage
 There shines a ruddier light,
 And a little face at the window
 Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
 As if those childish eyes
 Were looking into the darkness,
 To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
 Is passing to and fro,

Now rising to the ceiling,
 Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean
 And the night-wind bleak and wild,
 As they beat at the crazy casement,
 Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean
 And the night-wind wild and bleak,
 As they beat at the heart of the mother,
 Drive the color from her cheek?

WEIGHING THE BABY.

How many pounds does the baby weigh—
 Baby, who came but a month ago?
 How many pounds, from the crowning curl
 To the rosy point of the restless toe?

Grandfather ties the kerchief knot,
 Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
 And carefully over the glasses peers,
 To read the record, "Only eight!"

Softly the echo goes aronnd ;
 The father laughs at the tiny girl ;
 The fair young mother sings the words,
 While graudmother smooths the golden curl,

And, stooping over the precious thing,
 Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
 Murmuring softly, " Little one,
 Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
 Or the love that came with the helpless one ;
 Nobody weighed the threads of care
 From which a woman's life is spun.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul ;
 For here on earth no weights there be
 That could avail : God only knows
 Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul,
 That seeks no angel's silver wing,
 But shrines it in this human gnise,
 Within so frail and small a thiug !

O mother ! laugh your merry note ;
 Be glad and gay, but don't forget
 From baby's eyes looks out a soul
 That claims a home in Edeu yet.

ENGLISH NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was an old man who lived in a wood,
 As you may plainly see ;
 He said he could do as much work in a day
 As his wife could do in three.
 " With all my heart," the old woman said,
 " If that you will allow,
 To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
 And I'll go drive the plow."

" But you must milk Tidy the cow,
 For fear that she go dry ;
 And you must feed the little pigs
 That are within the sty ;
 And you must mind the speckled hen,
 For fear she lay away ;
 And you must reel the spool of yarn
 That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
 And went to drive the plow ;

The old man took a pail in his hand,
 And went to milk the cow.
 But Tidy hunched, and Tidy finched,
 And Tidy broke his uose ;
 And Tidy gave him such a blow
 That the blood ran down to his toes !

" High, Tidy ! Ho, Tidy ! high !
 Tidy, do stand still !
 If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
 'Twill be sore against my will !"
 He went to feed the little pigs
 That were within the sty ;
 He hit his head against the beam,
 And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
 For fear she'd lay astray ;
 And he forgot the spool of yarn
 His wife spun yesterday.
 So when she came to him at uight,
 He said 'twas plain to see
 That she could do more in a day
 Thau he could do in three.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
 the house
 Not a creatnre was stirring, not even a mouse ;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with
 care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
 And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
 nap,
 When out on the lawn arose such a clatter,
 I sprung from my bed to see what was the matter.
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
 The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
 Gave a lustre of midday to objects below,
 When what to my wondering eyes should appear
 But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
 And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
 name :

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,

So up to the house-top the conrsers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;

His droll little month was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

And the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself:
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.



As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprung to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

“Happy Christmas to all! and to all a good-night!”

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea-green boat;
 They took some honey, and plenty of money,
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
 The Owl looked up to the moon above,
 And sung to a small guitar,
 "O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
 What a beautiful Pussy you are—
 You are—
 What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
 How wonderful sweet you sing!
 Oh, let us be married—too long we have tarried—
 But what shall we do for a ring?"
 They sailed away for a year and a day,
 To the land where the bong-tree grows;
 And there, in a wood, a Piggywig stood,
 With a ring in the end of his nose—
 His nose—
 With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
 Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
 So they took it away, and were married next day
 By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
 They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
 Which they eat with a runcible spoon;
 And, hand-in-hand, on the edge of the sand,
 They danced by the light of the moon—
 The moon—
 They dauced by the light of the moon.

GRACIE AND THE BLUEBIRDS.

JENNIE HARRISON.

"WHY didn't God tell them, mamma?"
 Said Gracie, in sad surprise,
 As she stood by the window, and saw the snow
 On the earth, in the air, and the skies.
 "Tell whom, my little girl, Gracie?
 Who was it you wanted told?"
 "Why, the poor little bluebirds! don't you know?
 I'm afraid they have died in the cold!"
 "Twas only yesterday morning
 I heard them singing so gay;
 I suppose they were sure that spring had come,
 And winter had gone away.

"They looked so pretty and happy,
 All flying and hopping around;
 I think they were going to build their nests,
 And were picking up straws from the ground.

"Why didn't God tell them, mamma,
 That the snow was coming again?
 And teach them to wait in a warmer place,
 Till he sent the April rain?"

"God knows what is best for birdies,
 As well as for you and me:
 And, Gracie, I think they are hidden away,
 All safe, where we can not see.

"The spring is as sure as ever,
 Though we did not expect the snow:
 And we and the bluebirds can wait for God;
 For he loves us well, we know.

"By-and-by, when the storm is over,
 You may scatter some crumbs about;
 And if any hungry bluebird is near,
 I think he will find them out.

"And soon, when the snow is melted,
 They will all come back again;
 And grass will grow, and birdies will know
 They have not waited in vain.

"God doesn't tell birds nor people
 What storms are coming some day:
 He wants them to wait, and trust in him;
 For he knows the very best way!"

Little Gracie thought and listened,
 And the trouble went out of her eyes;
 But she kept her watch at the window all day,
 Till the storm had gone out of the skies.

And just at the cold, gray sunset,
 A "peep—peep—peep" was heard,
 And down on the door-step, for Gracie's crumbs,
 Flew one little lonely bird.

"You've come for your supper!" said Gracie:
 "God sent you, I guess: he knows!
 And, birdie, you needn't be afraid,
 No matter how much it snows!"

"Just shut your eyes, and wait, birdie,
 Till God says 'Ready!' then fly,
 And see how the grass will be growing green,
 All under the warm blue sky!"

THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*
That sailed the wintry sea,
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his month,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spoke an old sailor
Had sailed the Spanish Main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and panted, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that can not live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the
wave
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right between her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sunk;
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ, save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe!



THE BALLAD OF BUNNY.

Author of "Lilliput Levee."

It was a black Bunny with white in its head,
Alive when the children went cozy to bed.
Oh, early next morning that Bunny was dead!

When Bunny's young master awoke up from sleep
To look at the creatures, young master did creep,
And saw that this black one lay all of a heap.

"O Bunny, what ails you? What does it import
That you lean on one side with your breath coming short?"

For I never before saw a thing of the sort!"

They took him so gently up out of his hutch;
They made him a sick-bed, they loved him so much;
They wrapped him up warm, they said "Poor thing!" and such.

But all to no purpose! Black Bunny he died,
And rolled over limp on his little black side;
The grown-up spectators looked awkward and sighed.

While as for those others in that congregation,
You heard voices lifted in sore lamentation;
But three-year-old Baby desired explanation:

At least, so it seemed. Then they buried their dead

In a nice quiet place, with a flag at his head;
"Poor Bunny!"—in large print—was what the flag said.

Now as they were shoveling the earth in the hole,
Little Baby burst out, "I don't like it!" poor soul!
And bitterly wept. So the dead had his dole.

That evening, as Baby was cuddling to bed,
"The Bunny will come back again," Baby said,
"And be a *white* Bunny, and never be dead!"

A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

LITTLE one, come to my knee!
Hark, how the rain is pouring
Over the roof in the pitch-black night,
And the winds in the woods a-roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses.
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I, on my path, belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining
Crouching, I sought to hide me;
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened:
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!
Hark, how the wind is roaring!
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring!

FATHER WILLIAM.

LEWIS CARROLL.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door;
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak:
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs."

THE SORROWFUL SEA-GULL.

THE sea-gull is so sorry!
She flings herself about,
And utters little wailing cries,
And flutters in and out.
The fishes do not sympathize—
Fish are so very cool!
They make so many rules, you know;
And who can *feel* by rule?

They have a rule for swimming,
A rule for taking food;
They have a rule for pleasure-trips,
A rule for doing good.
And people who make rules like that
May drive, and work, and swim,
But never know how sweet a thing
It is to take a whim!

I'd like to be a sea-gull,
With lovely beak and claws;
I would not like to be a fish,
Subject to fishy laws.
And if they make more changes soon
By acts of Parliament,
I won't consent to be a fish—
I *never will* consent!

Why is the sea-gull sorry?
I'm not allowed to tell.
The fish, who will not sympathize,
Know what's the matter well!
And you, who feel with all your hearts,
And give her love and tears,
Are not allowed to hear a word;
And such is life, my dears!

THE GOOSE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He uttered rhyme and reason:
"Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg.
 A goose—'twas no great matter.
 The goose let fall a golden egg,
 With cackle and with clatter.

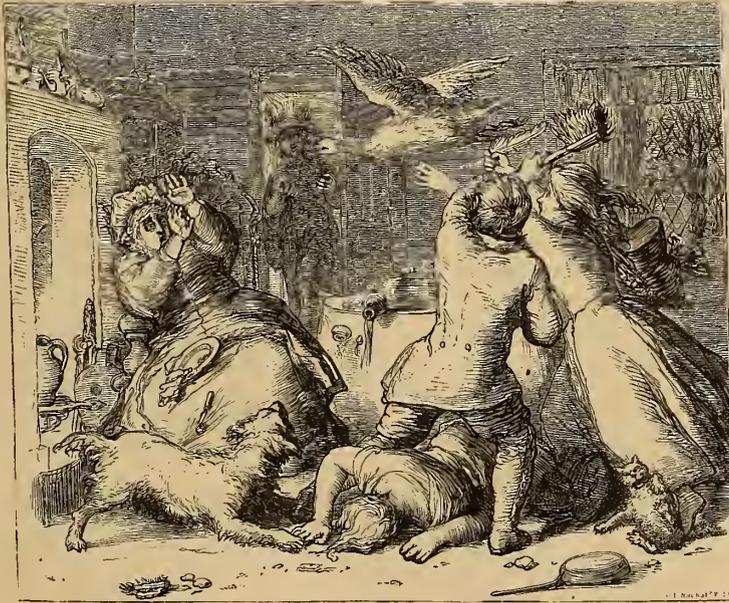
She dropped the goose, and caught the pelf,
 And ran to tell her neighbors,
 And blessed herself, and cursed herself,
 And rested from her labors ;

And, feeding high and living soft,
 Grew plump and able-bodied,
 Until the grave church-warden doffed,
 The parson smirked and nodded.

Then yelped the cur, and yawled the cat ;
 Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer ;
 The goose flew this way and flew that,
 And filled the house with clamor.

As head and heels upon the floor
 They floundered all together,
 There strode a stranger to the door,
 And it was windy weather.

He took the goose upon his arm,
 He uttered words of scorning :
 " So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
 It is a stormy morning."



So sitting, served by man and maid,
 She felt her heart grow prouder :
 But ah! the more the white goose laid,
 It clacked and cackled louder.

It clattered here, it chuckled there ;
 It stirred the old wife's mettle ;
 She shifted in her elbow-chair,
 And hurled the pan and kettle.

" A quinsy choke thy cursed note !"
 Then waxed her anger stronger :
 " Go take the goose, and wring her throat ;
 I will not bear it longer."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
 And round the attics rumbled,
 Till all the tables danced again,
 And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
 The blast was hard and harder ;
 Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
 And a whirlwind cleared the larder.

And while on all sides breaking loose,
 Her household fled the danger,
 Quoth she, " The Devil take the goose,
 And God forget the stranger !"

THE FATHER'S PRAYER FOR HIS SICK
CHILD.

BARRY CORNWALL.

SEND down thy wingèd angel, God!
Amidst this night so wild;
And bid him come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child!

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth *not* to weep!

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,
To aid, when need may be;
We hope—and have despaired at times;
But *now* we turn to thee!

Send down thy sweet-souled angel, God!
Amidst the darkness mild;
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child!



LITTLE BILLEE.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THERE were three sailors in Bristol city,
Who took a boat and went to sea;

But first with beef and captain's biscuit
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now very soon they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
"We have no provisions, so we must eat we."

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"O gorging Jim, what a fool you be!

"There's little Bill is young and tender;
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

"O Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemie."

When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"Oh, let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me."

"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jacky,
While Jim pulled out his snickersnee.

So Bill went up to the maintop-gallant mast,
Where down he fell on his beuded knee.

He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment,
When up he jumps: "There's land, I see.

"There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee.

"There's the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Nelson, K.C.B."

So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee.

But as for little Bill, he made him
The captain of a seventy-three.



THE AFTERNOON NAP.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

The farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;

And the tear stole down from his half-shut eye.
 "Don't smoke!" said the child, "how it makes
 you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
 Where the shade after noon used to steal;
 The busy old wife by the open door
 Was turning the spinning-wheel;
 And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree
 Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
 While close to his heaving breast
 The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
 Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
 His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay,
 Fast asleep were they both that summer day.



A LITTLE GOOSE.

ELIZA S. TURNER.

THE chill November day was done,
 The working world home-faring;
 The wind came roaring through the streets,
 And set the gas-lights flaring;
 And hopelessly and aimlessly
 The scared old leaves were flying,
 When, mingled with the songing wind,
 I heard a small voice crying.

And shivering on the corner stood
 A child of four, or over;
 No cloak or hat her small, soft arms
 And wind-blown curls to cover;
 Her dimpled face was stained with tears,
 Her round blue eyes ran over;
 She cherished in her wee, cold hand
 A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure, while
 She slipped in mine the other,
 Half scared, half confidential, said,
 "Oh, please, I want my mother!"
 "Tell me your street and number, pet.
 Don't cry; I'll take you to it."
 Sobbing, she answered, "I forget;
 The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Miller's step—
 The monkey took the money;

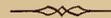
I followed down the street, because
 That monkey was so funny.
 I've walked about a hundred hours,
 From one street to another;
 The monkey's gone; I've spoiled my flowers;
 Oh, please, I want my mother!"

"But what's your mother's name, and what
 The street? Now think a minute."
 "My mother's name is Mother Dear;
 The street—I can't begin it."
 "But what is strange about the house,
 Or new—not like the others?"
 "I guess you mean my trundle-bed—
 Mine and my little brother's.

"O dear! I ought to be at home
 To help him say his prayers—
 He's such a baby, he forgets;
 And we are both such players;
 And there's a bar between, to keep
 From pitching on each other,
 For Harry rolls when he's asleep:
 O dear! I want my mother!"

The sky grew stormy; people passed—
 All muffled, homeward faring.
 "You'll have to spend the night with me,"
 I said, at last, despairing.
 I tied a kerchief round her neck:
 "What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
 "Why, don't you know?" she, smiling, said,
 And drew it from her bosom.

A card, with number, street, and name!
 My eyes astonished met it.
 "For," said the little one, "you see
 I might sometime forget it,
 And so I wear a little thing
 That tells you all about it;
 For mother says she's very sure
 I should get lost without it."



POPPING CORN.

ONE autumn night, when the wind was high,
 And the rain fell in heavy flashes,
 A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,
 A-popping corn in the ashes;
 And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,
 Sat looking on, just close to his knee.

Pop! pop! and the kernels, one by one,
 Came out of the embers flying;
 The boy held a long pine stick in hand,
 And kept it busily plying;
 He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more,
 And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

Part of the kernels flew one way,
 And a part hopped out the other;
 Some flew plump into the sister's lap,
 Some under the stool of the brother;
 The little girl gathered them into a heap,
 And called them a flock of milk-white sheep.

—◆—

A GREYPÓRT LEGEND. 1797.

BRET HARTE.

THEY ran through the streets of the sea-port town;
 They peered from the decks of the ships where
 they lay;

The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
 Was never as cold or as white as they.
 "Ho, Starbuck, and Pinckney, and Tenterden!
 Run for your shallops, gather your men,
 Scatter your boats on the lower bay!"

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday
 The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
 Filled with the children in happy play,
 Parted its moorings and drifted clear.
 Drifted clear beyond reach or call;
 Thirteen children there were in all—
 All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
 She will not float till the turning tide!"
 Said his wife, "My darling will hear my call,
 Whether in sea or heaven she bide."
 And she lifted a quavering voice and high—
 Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
 Till they shuddered and wondered at her
 side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
 Veiled each from each and the sky and shore;
 There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
 And the lap of water, and the creak of oar;
 And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh-
 blown
 O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
 But not from the lips that had gone before.

They came no more. But they tell the tale,
 That when fogs are thick on the harbor reef
 The mackerel-fishers shorten sail,
 For the signal they know will bring relief—
 For the voices of children still at play
 In a phantom hulk that drifts away
 Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
 A theme for a poet's idle page;
 But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
 And we lie becalmed by the shores of age,
 We hear from the misty, troubled shore
 The voices of children gone before,
 Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

—◆—

CHRISTIE'S PORTRAIT.

GERALD MASSEY.

YOUR tiny picture makes me yearn;
 We are so far apart!
 My darling, I can only turn
 And kiss you in my heart.
 A thousand tender thoughts a-wing
 Swarm in a summer clime,
 And hover round it murmuring
 Like bees at honey-time.

Upon a little girl I look,
 Whose pureness makes me sad;
 I read as in a holy book;
 I grow in secret glad!
 It seems my darling came to me
 With something I have lost
 Over life's tossed and troubled sea,
 On some celestial coast.

I think of her when spirit-bowed;
 A glory fills the place;
 Like sudden light on swords, the proud
 Smile flashes in my face:
 And others see, in passing by,
 But can not understand
 The vision shining in mine eye,
 My strength of heart and hand.

That grave content and touching grace
 Bring tears into mine eyes;
 She makes my heart a holy place,
 Where hymns and incense rise;

Such calm her gentle spirit brings
 As, smiling overhead,
 White statued saints with peaceful wings
 Shadow the sleeping dead.

Our Christie is no rosy Grace
 With beauty all may see;
 But I have never felt a face
 Grow half so dear to me.
 No curling hair about her brows,
 Like many merry girls;
 Well, straighter to my heart it goes,
 And round it curls and curls.

Meek as the wood anemone glints,
 To see if heaven be blue,
 Is my pale flower, with her sweet tints
 Of heaven shining through!
 She will be poor, and never fret;
 Sleep sound, and lowly lie;
 Will live her quiet life, and let
 The great world-storm go by.

Dear love! God keep her in his grasp,
 Meek maiden or brave wife!
 Till his good angels softly clasp
 Her closed book of life;
 And this fair picture of the sun,
 With birthday blessings given,
 Shall fade before a glorious one
 Taken of her in heaven.

—◆◆◆—

LITTLE BESSIE.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

Hug me closer, closer, mother,
 Put your arms around me tight;
 I am cold and tired, mother,
 And I feel so strange to-night!
 Something hurts me here, dear mother,
 Like a stone upon my breast:
 Oh, I wonder, wonder, mother,
 Why it is I can not rest!

All the day, while you were working,
 As I lay upon my bed,
 I was trying to be patient,
 And to think of what you said—
 How the kind and blessed Jesus
 Loves his lambs to watch and keep,
 And I wished he'd come and take me
 In his arms, that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,
 Just before the children came,
 While the room was very quiet,
 I heard some one call my name.
 All at once the window opened:
 In a field were lambs and sheep;
 Some from out a brook were drinking,
 Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,
 Though I strained my eyes to see;
 And I wondered, if he saw me,
 Would he speak to such as me.
 In a moment I was looking
 On a world so bright and fair,
 Which was full of little childreu,
 And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, oh, so sweetly!
 Sweeter songs I never heard;
 They were singing sweeter, mother,
 Than our little yellow-bird;
 And while I my breath was holding,
 One, so bright, upon me smiled,
 And I knew it must be Jesus,
 When he said, "Come here, my child;

"Come up here, my little Bessie,
 Come up here, and live with me,
 Where the children never suffer,
 But are happier than you see."
 Then I thought of all you'd told me
 Of that bright and happy land;
 I was going when you called me,
 When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
 You had called me. I would go;
 Oh, to sleep and never suffer!
 Mother, don't be crying so!
 Hug me closer, closer, mother;
 Put your arms around me tight.
 Oh, how much I love you, mother,
 And I feel so strange to-night!

And the mother pressed her closer
 To her overburdened breast;
 On the heart so near to breaking
 Lay the heart so near its rest!
 At the solemn hour of midnight,
 In the darkness calm and deep,
 Lying on her mother's bosom,
 Little Bessie fell asleep.

WE ARE SEVEN.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.



She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said;
And, wondrously, looked at me.

“And where are they, I pray you tell?”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

“Two of us in the church-yard lie—
My sister and my brother;
And in the church-yard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?”

Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will;
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

ALICE CARY.

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;

Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth, in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago.
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck, in a silent embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

THE DROWNED BABY.

A LITTLE child, with her bright blue eyes,
And her hair like golden spray,
Sat on the rock by the steep cliff's foot,
As the ocean ebbed away.

And she longed for the milk-white, shining foam,
As it danced to the shingle's hum,
And she stretched out her hand and tottered fast,
To bring the white feathers home.

And still, as she strayed, the tide ebbed fast,
And the gleaming foam laughed on,

And the white fluff shrunk from the tiny feet,
And the little fat hands caught none.

She sat wearily down by the steep cliff's foot,
Till the waves seemed to change their mind,
And the white foam flowed to her as she sat,
As though 'twould at last be kind.

And the fluff played over her soft white feet,
And the feathers flew up to the chin,
And the soft, loving water kissed her lips,
And I carried my dead child in!

— — —

LITTLE WILLIE.

GERALD MASSEY.

Poor little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles,
Worlds of wisdom in his looks,
And quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber, touched with
Gold of heaven so brave—
All lying darkly hid
In a work-house grave.

You remember little Willie—
Fair and funny fellow! He
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty.
Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh,
When, from the cold world,
He crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,
Little Willie cried for bread;
In the night we wandered homeless,
Little Willie cried for bed.
Parted at the work-house door,
Not a word we said;
Ah, so tired was poor Willie,
And so sweetly sleep the dead!

'Twas in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth;
The world brought in the new year
On a tide of mirth.
But for lost little Willie
Not a tear we crave;
Cold and hunger can not wake him,
In his work-house grave!

LUCY GRAY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will nevermore be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go,
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do,
'Tis scarcely afternoon;
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band.
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor,
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
 "In heaven we all shall meet;"
 When in the snow the mother spied
 The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
 They tracked the footmarks small,
 And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
 And by the low stone-wall.

And then an open field they crossed—
 The marks were still the same;
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
 And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
 Those footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank,
 And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
 She is a living child;
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lousome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
 And never looks behind;
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.



THE OPEN DOOR.

WITHIN a town of Holland once
 A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
 So poor, alas! her children asked
 One night in vain for bread.
 But this poor woman loved the Lord,
 And knew that he was good;
 So, with her little ones around,
 She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child.
 A boy of eight years old,
 Said softly, "In the Holy Book,
 Dear mother, we are told
 How God, with food by ravens brought,
 Supplied his prophet's need."
 "Yes," answered she; "but that, my son,
 Was long ago indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
 What he has done before;
 And so, to let the birds fly in,
 I will unclose the door."
 Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
 Threw ope the door full wide,
 So that the radiance of the lamp
 Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
 And, noticing the light,
 Paused to inquire why the door
 Was open so at night.
 "My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
 The widow, smiling, said,
 "That ravens might fly in to bring
 My hungry children bread."
 "Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
 "Then here's a raven, lad;
 Come to my home, and you shall see
 Where bread may soon be had."
 Along the street to his own house
 He quickly led the boy,
 And sent him back with food that filled
 His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
 Went to the open door,
 Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord!"
 Then shut it fast once more.
 For, though no bird had entered in,
 He knew that God on high
 Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
 And sent this full supply.



JOHN GILPIN.

WILLIAM COWPER.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's sponse said to her dear,
 "Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend, the calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smaack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane.
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,

When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down-stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who can not sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamed when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?—
His fame soon spread around.
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"



The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung,
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced;
 For all might see the bottle-necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony espied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house,"
 They all at once did cry;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tired."
 Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there.
 For why? His owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the calender's
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbor in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? Your tidings tell;
 Tell me you must and shall—

Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all!"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke;
 And thus unto the calender
 In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come,
 And if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here;
 They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came, with hat and wig,
 A wig that flowed behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in its turn
 Thus showed his ready wit;
 "My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dust away
 That hangs upon your face;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
 And all the world would stare
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
 "I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here:
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
 For which he paid full dear;
 For while he spoke a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
 He lost them sooner than at first—
 For why? They were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell,
 "This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back again;
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went postboy at his heels,
 The postboy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scampering in the rear,
 They raised a hue and cry—

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!"
 Not one of them was mute;
 And all and each that passed that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space;
 The toll-men thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town;
 Nor stopped till where he had got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king!
 And Gilpin, long live he!

And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!



THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
 And busily all the night
 Had been heaping field and highway
 With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock
 Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
 And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
 Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
 Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
 The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
 And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
 The noiseless work of the sky,
 And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
 Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
 Where a little head-stone stood—
 How the flakes were folding it gently,
 As did robins the Babes in the Wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
 Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
 And I told of the good All-Father
 Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
 And thought of the leaden sky
 That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
 When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
 That fell from that cloud like snow,
 Flake by flake, healing and hiding
 The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
 "The snow that husheth all,
 Darling, the merciful Father
 Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her ;
 And she, kissing back, could not know
 That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
 Folded close under deepening snow.



THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

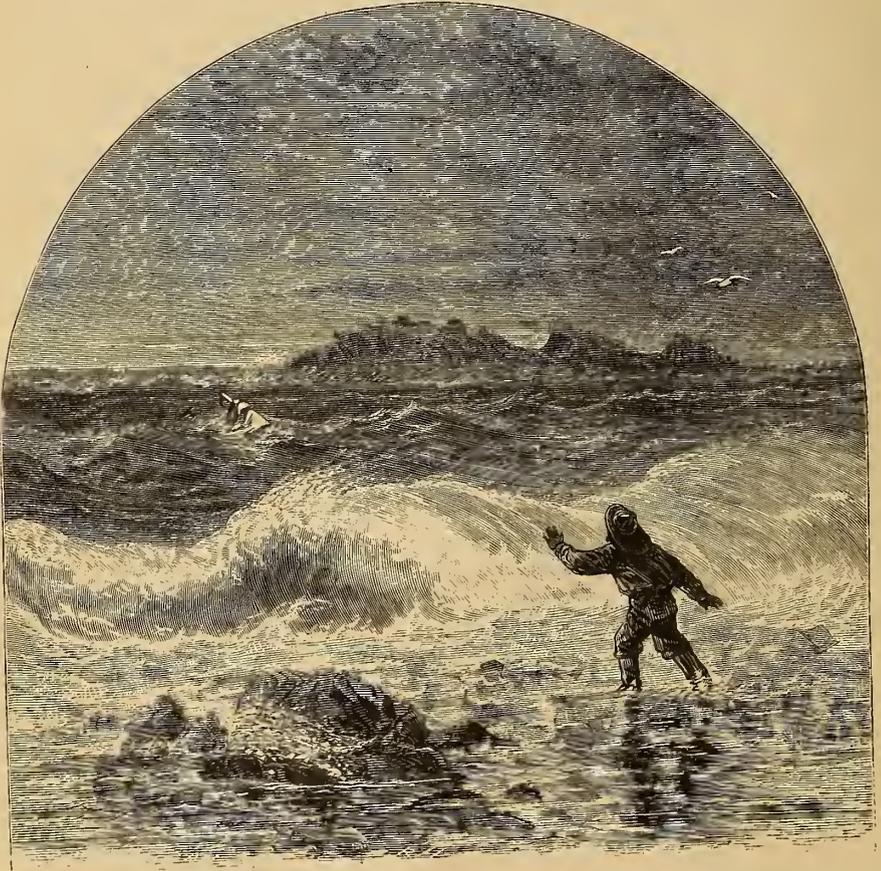
JAMES T. FIELDS.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
 Not a soul would dare to sleep ;
 It was midnight on the waters,
 And a storm was on the deep.

So we shuddered there in silence,
 For the stoutest held his breath,
 While the hungry sea was roaring,
 And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
 Each one busy with his prayers,
 "We are lost!" the captain shouted,
 As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
 As she took his icy hand,
 "Isn't God upon the ocean,
 Just the same as on the land?"



'Tis a fearful thing, in winter,
 To be shattered by the blast,
 And to hear the rattling trumpet
 Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
 And we spoke in better cheer,
 And we anchored safe in harbor,
 When the morn was shining clear.

LITTLE LUCY.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

A LITTLE child, six summers old,
 So thoughtful and so fair
 There seemed about her pleasant ways
 A more than childish air,
 Was sitting, on a summer's eve,
 Beneath a spreading tree,
 Intent upon an ancient book
 That lay upon her knee.

She turned each page with careful hand,
 And strained her sight to see,
 Until the drowsy shadows slept
 Upon the grassy lea;
 Then closed the book, and upward looked,
 And straight began to sing
 A simple verse of hopeful love—
 This very childish thing:
 "While here below, how sweet to know
 His wondrous love and story,
 And then, through grace, to see his face,
 And live with him in glory!"

That little child, one dreary night
 Of winter wind and storm,
 Was tossing on a weary couch
 Her weak and wasted form;
 And in her pain, and in its pause,
 But clasped her hand in prayer—
 Strange that we had no thoughts of heaven,
 While hers were only there—

Until she said, "O mother dear,
 How sad you seem to be!
 Have you forgotten that he said,
 'Let children come to me?'
 Dear mother, bring the blessed Book;
 Come, mother, let us sing."
 And then again, with faltering tongue,
 She sung that childish thing:
 "While here below, how sweet to know
 His wondrous love and story;
 And then, through grace, to see his face,
 And live with him in glory!"

Underneath a spreading tree
 A narrow mound is seen,
 Which first was covered by the snow,
 Then blossomed into green.

Here first I heard that childish voice,
 That sings on earth no more;
 In heaven it hath a richer tone,
 And sweeter than before:
 "For those who know his love below"—
 So runs the wondrous story—
 "In heaven, through grace, shall see his face,
 And dwell with him in glory!"



BISHOP HATTO.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet
 That in winter the corn was growing yet;
 'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
 The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
 Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door;
 For he had a plentiful last year's store,
 And all the neighborhood could tell
 His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
 To quiet the poor without delay;
 He bid them to his great barn repair,
 And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
 The poor folk flocked from far and near;
 The great barn was full as it could hold
 Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
 Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
 And while for mercy on Christ they call,
 He set fire to the barn and burned them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
 "And the country is greatly obliged to me
 For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
 Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace return'd he,
 And he sat down to supper merrily;
 And he slept that night like an innocent man:
 But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall,
 Where his picture hung against the wall,

A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked there came a man from the farm—
He had a countenance white with alarm:
"My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be.
"Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way.
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he;
"Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise.
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked—it was only the cat;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shore so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score;
By thousands they come, and by myriads and
more;
Such numbers had never been seen before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of
yore.

Down on his knees Bishop Hatto fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,

And down from the ceiling, and up through the
floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and be-
fore,

From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see, in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

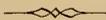
They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed bauditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?"

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away.



THE DEAD DOLL.

You needn't be trying to comfort me. I tell you
my dolly is dead!

There's no use saying she isn't, with a crack like
that in her head.

It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to
have my tooth out that day;

And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off,
you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when
you say you can mend it with glue!

As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just
suppose it was you!

You might make her *look* all mended—but what
do I care for looks?

Why, glue's for chairs, and tables, and toys, and
the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's
the awfulest crack!

It just makes me sick to think of the sound when
her head went whack!

Against the horrible brass thing that holds up the
little shelf.

Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know
that I did it myself.

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another
head!

What good would forty heads do her? I tell you
my dolly is dead!

And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant
new spring hat!

And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to
tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was
playing out in the yard—

She said to me most expressly, "Here's a ribbon
for Hildegarde."

And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde
saw me do it;

But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't be-
lieve she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just be-
lieve, I do,

That her poor little heart was broken, and so her
head broke too.

Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish *my* head
had been hit!

For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked
a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be
buried, of course;

We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall
be the horse;

And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her
in this, you see—

This dear little box—and we'll bury her then un-
der the maple-tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one
he made for my bird;

And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every
single word!

I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll
who is dead;

She died of a broken heart and a dreadful crack
in the head!"



"WHAT IS THE SNOW FOR?"

MARY TOLES PEET.

"WHAT is the snow for?" Dost ask, O my child,
Why do the little white flakelets come down?

To make for the trees, as they bend their bare
heads,

A pure and a beautiful crown.

"What is the snow for?" To make the poor earth,
Which has lost all her covers of green,

A mantle so soft and so warm, she may rest
Till she wakes when the primrose is seen.

"What is the snow for?" To make for my child
A path which her dear little feet

May glide o'er as gently as zephyrs that blow
Where moonbeams and soft wavelets meet.

"What is the snow for?" O child of my love!
The dear Father knoweth our needs,
And blossom and snow-flake alike he sends down
As our wondering questions he heeds.



WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO ?

Oh, what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven ?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery :
Such grace to mine be given !

Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven ?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say :
Such grace to mine be given !

Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven ?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's Holy Book :
Such grace to mine be given !

Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven ?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust the children's Friend :
Such grace to mine be given !

Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven,
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in his sight :
Such grace to mine be given !

A SHORT SERMON.

ALICE CARY.

CHILDREN who read my lay,
This much I have to say :
Each day, and every day,
Do what is right—
Right things in great and small ;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have light.

This further would I say :
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day, and every day,
Speak what is true—
True things in great and small ;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not out of thistles grow ;
And, though the blossoms blow,
While on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set :
So, if you good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,
Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all,
When you work, and when you play,
Each day, and every day ;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.

SONGS FOR GIRLHOOD.

SONGS FOR GIRLHOOD.



THE MAY QUEEN.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear ;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
New-year ;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest,
merriest day ;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but
none so bright as mine ;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Car-
oline ;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land,
they say ;
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall
never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins
to break :

But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and
garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the ha-
zel-tree ?

He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave
him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all
in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash
of light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what
they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love; but that can
never be:

They say his heart is breaking, mother—but what
is that to me?

There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer
day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made
the Queen;

For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from
far away,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its
way bowers,

And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet
cuckoo-flowers;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in
swamps and hollows gray,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the
meadow-grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten
as they pass;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the
livelong day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and
still,

And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the
hill;

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily
glance and play,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear,

To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
New-year:

To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, mer-
riest day,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S-EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early,
mother dear,

For I would see the sun rise upou the glad New-
year.

It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mold and think
no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left be-
hind

The good old year, the dear old time, and all my
peace of mind.

And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall
never see

The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the
tree.

Last May we made a crowu of flowers: we had a
merry day;

Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me
Queen of May,

And we danced about the May-pole and in the
hazel copse

Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white
chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is
on the pane:

I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come
out on high;

I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy, tall
elm-tree,

And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with sum-
mer o'er the wave,

But I shall lie alone, mother, within the moldering
grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave
of mine,

In the early, early morning the summer sun 'ill
shine,

Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long, gray fields at night;

Tho' I can not speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night; when I have said good-night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,



When from the dry, dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I'm lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green;
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor;
Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never garden more:
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlor-window, and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!

To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

Oh, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,

And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that can not rise;

And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,

And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin.

Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in.

Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,

There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet;



It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,

And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!

But still I think it can't be long before I find release,

And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

Oh, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!

And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!

Oh, blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head!

A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,

And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call:

It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll;

And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;

I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;

With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I
felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the
wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my
bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not
what was said :

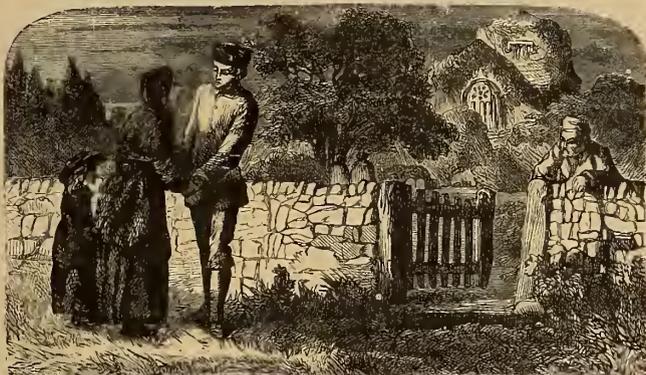
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all
my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the
wind.

Oh, look! the sun begins to rise; the heavens are
in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them
I know.

And there I move no longer now, and there his
light may shiue—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than
mine.

Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this
day is done

The voice that now is speaking may be beyond
the sun—



But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for
them: it's mine."

And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for
a sign.

And once again it came, and close beside the win-
dow-bars,

Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die
among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I
know

The blessed music went that way my soul will
have to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past
away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not
to fret;

There's many worthier than I would make him
happy yet.

If I had lived—I can not tell—I might have been
his wife;

But all these things have ceased to be, with my
desire of life.

Forever and forever with those just souls and true:
And what is life, that we should moan? Why
make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie
come—

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your
breast—

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.



RUTH.

THOMAS HOOD.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born—
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell ;
Which were blackest none could tell ;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim :
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;
Lay my sheaf adown, and come
Share my harvest and my home.



IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning ;
Around it still the smacks grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official ;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall ;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing !

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow,
To right and left he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,

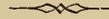
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelled the word :
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you !"

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window-panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl ! The grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.



SEVEN TIMES TWO.

JEAN INGELOW.

YOU bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your
changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note, as he
ranges,
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol, by fall or by swelling,
No magical sense conveys ;
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheer-
ily,
While a boy listened alone ;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your good days are
over :
And mine, they are yet to be.
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught dis-
cover :
You leave the story to me.

The fox-glove shoots out of the green matted
heather,

And hangeth her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
Oh, children take long to grow!

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the fox-glove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head:
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds can not sing it;
Not one, as he sits on the tree:
The bells can not ring it; but long years, oh,
bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

— — — — —

JEANIE MORRISON.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Ynle;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison!
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my e'en wi' tears:
They blind my e'en wi' sant, sant tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ithar weel,
'Twas then we twa did part.
Sweet time! sad time! Twa bairns at seule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ithar lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, affen yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae bnik on our kneec,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hnung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans langhing said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays—
The scule then skail't at noon—
When we ran off to speel the braes,
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins ronnd and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rnsch back,
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luvie!
O lightsome days and lang!
When hinnied hopes aronnd our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang.

Oh, mind ye, luvie, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome town,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst ronnd our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throstle whusslit sweet;

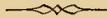
The throstle whusslit in the wood,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe aboon the burn
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nae
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—nnsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae bin to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae bin to me?
 Oh, tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine!
 Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' laugsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart
 Still travels on its way,
 And channels deeper, as it rins,
 The lve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygane days and me!



LUCY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown;
 This child I to myself will take:
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse; and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
 That, wild with glee, across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs;
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her; for her the willow bend.

Nor shall she fail to see,
 E'en in the motions of the storm,
 Grace that shall mold the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
 Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell;
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
 While she and I together live
 Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was done—
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be.



MAIDENHOOD.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
 In whose orb a shadow lies
 Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
 Golden tresses wreathed in one,
 As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
 On the brooklet's swift advance
 On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
 Beautiful to thee must seem,
 As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—life hath snares!
Care and age come nnawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many numbered;
Age that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass can not withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that can not heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal!

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.



CORN-FIELDS.

MARY HOWITT.

WHEN on the breath of autumn's breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair white thistle-down—

Oh, then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest-hill!

What joy in dreaming ease to lie
Amid a field new-shorn,
And see all round, on sunlit slopes,
The piled-up shocks of corn,
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore!

I feel the day; I see the field,
The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves!
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream!

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers, many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there!

Again, I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight—
God's living gift of love unto
The kind, good Shunamite;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That, eighteen hundred years ago,
Were full of corn, I see,
And the dear Saviour take his way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.

Oh, golden fields of bending corn!
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream;
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there.



MAUD MULLER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

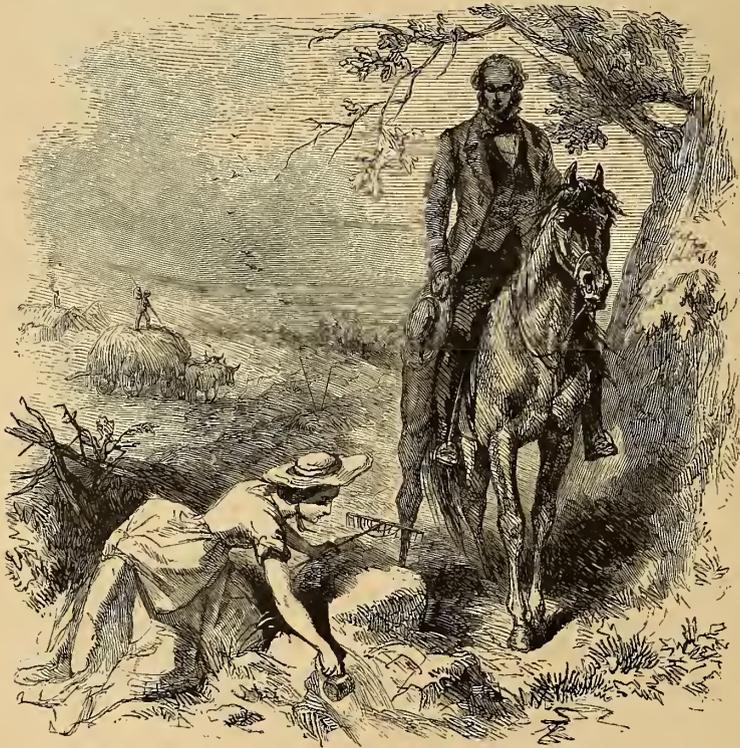
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

“Thanks,” said the Judge; “a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.”

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds, and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.



A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: “Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

“He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat;

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I, to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay!

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and songs of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the way-side well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah that I were free again!"

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay!"

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door;

But care and sorrow and childbirth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the road-side, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again,
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read his face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow-candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas for maiden! alas for judge!
For rich repiner, and household drudge!

God pity them both and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall!

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

THE SANDS O' DEE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

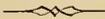
"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee!"

The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see;
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
 And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress o' golden hair,
 O' drownèd maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
 Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea:
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee.



THE CHILDREN.

CHARLES DICKENS.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And the school for the day is dismissed,
 And the little ones gather around me,
 To bid me good-night and be kissed;
 Oh, the little white arms that encircle
 My neck in a tender embrace!
 Oh, the smiles that are haloes of heaven,
 Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
 Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
 Of love that my heart will remember
 While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
 Ere the world and its wickedness made me
 A partner of sorrow and sin;
 When the glory of God was about me,
 And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
 And the fountains of feeling will flow,
 When I think of the paths steep and stony
 Where the feet of the dear ones must go!
 Of the mountains of sin hauging o'er them,
 Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild.
 Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
 As the innocent heart of a child!

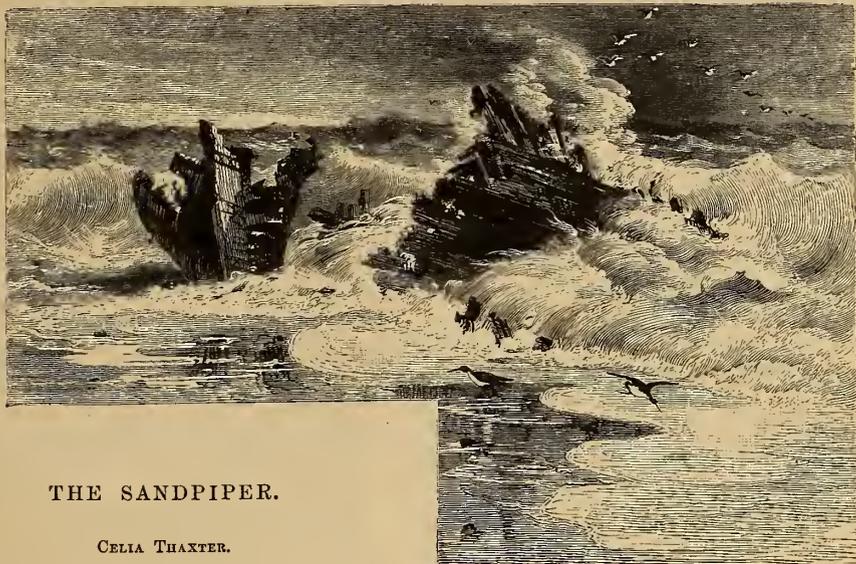
They are idols of hearts and of households;
 They are angels of God in disguise;
 His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;
 His glory still gleams in their eyes.
 Oh, those trnants from home and from heaven!
 They've made me more manly and mild,
 And I know now how Jesus could liken
 The kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones
 All radiant, as others have done;
 But that life may have just enough shadow
 To temper the glare of the sun.
 I would pray God to guard them from evil,
 But my prayer would bonnd back to myself.
 Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
 But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
 I have banished the rule and the rod;
 I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
 They have taught me the goodness of God.
 My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
 Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
 My frown is sufficient correction,
 My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
 To traverse its threshold no more:
 Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
 That meet me each morn at the door!
 I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
 And the gush of their innocent glee,
 The group on the green, and the flowers,
 That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve—
 Their song in the school and the street;
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 And the tramp of their delicate feet.
 When the lessons of life are all ended,
 And Death says, "The school is dismissed,"
 May the little ones gather around me,
 To bid me good-night and be kissed!



THE SANDPIPER.

CELIA THAXTER.

ACROSS the lonely beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I,
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered drift-wood bleached and dry.
 The wild waves reach their hands for it;
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
 As up and down the beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds,
 Stand out the white light-houses high.
 Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach,
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
 He has no thought of any wrong;
 He scans me with a fearless eye;
 Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
 My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky;
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?



THE COMING-IN OF THE "MERMAIDEN."

JEAN INGELOW.

THE moon is bleached as white as wool,
 And just dropping under;
 Every star is gone but three,
 And they hang wide asunder—
 There's a sea-ghost all in gray,
 A tall shape of wonder!

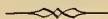
I am not satisfied with sleep—
 The night is not ended.
 But look how the sea-ghost comes,
 With wan skirts extended,
 Stealing up in this weird hour,
 When light and dark are blended.

A vessel! to the old pier end
 Her happy course she's keeping;
 I heard them name her yesterday:
 Some were pale with weeping;
 Some with their heart-hunger sighed,
 She's in—and they are sleeping.

Oh, now with fancied greetings blest,
 They comfort their long aching!
 The sea of sleep hath borne to them
 What would not come with waking,
 And the dreams shall most be true
 In their blissful breaking.

The stars are gone, the rose-bloom comes—
 No blush of maid is sweeter;
 The red sun, half-way out of bed,
 Shall be the first to greet her.
 None tell the news, yet sleepless wake,
 And rise, and run to meet her.

Their lost they have, they hold; from pain
 A keener bliss they borrow.
 How natural is joy, my heart!
 How easy after sorrow!
 For once, the best is come that hope
 Promised them "to-morrow."



THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LIN-
 COLNSHIRE. 1571.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers rang by two, by three:
 "Pull, if ye never pulled before;
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
 "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
 Ply all your changes, all your swells,
 Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby!'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
 The Lord that sent it he knows all;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall:
 And there was nought of strange beside
 The flight of mews and peewits pied
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore.
 My thread brake off; I raised myne eyes:
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies;
 And dark against day's golden death
 She moved where Lindis wandereth—
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! cusha! cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dewes were falling,

Farre away I heard her song.
 "Cusha! cusha!" all along;
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth
 Faintly came her milking song.

"Cusha! cusha! cusha!" calling,
 "For the dewes will soone be falling;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow,
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot; come uppe, Lightfoot;
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head.
 Come uppe, Whitefoot; come uppe, Lightfoot;
 Come uppe, Jetty; rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago—
 When I beginne to think howe long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
 And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadow mote be seene,
 Save where, full fyve good miles away,
 The steeple towered from out the greene.
 And lo! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the country-side
 That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds, where their sedges are,
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
 The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
 Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
 Came downe that kyndly message free,
 The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows.
 They sayde, "And why should this thing
 be?
 What danger lowers by land or sea?
 They ring the tune of Enderby!"

“For evil news from Mablethorpe
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne.
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring ‘The Brides of Enderby?’”

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main.
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
“Elizabeth! Elizabeth!”
(A sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.)

“The olde sea-wall,” he cried, “is downe;
The rising tide comes on apace;
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place.”
He shook as one that looks on death:
“God save yon, mother!” straight he saith;
“Where is my wife, Elizabeth?”

“Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking-song.”
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left. “Ho, Enderby!”
They rang “The Brides of Enderby!”

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river’s bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped,
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and
rout;
Then beaten foam flew round about;
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:

The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the rooffe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by:
I marked the lofty beacon-light
Stream from the church-tower, red and
high—
A lurid mark, and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang “Enderby.”

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From rooffe to rooffe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
“Oh, come in life, or come in death!
Oh, lost! my love, Elizabeth!”

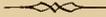
And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare,
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was cleare.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourne his own (she saith);
And sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
“Cnscha, cnscha, cnscha!” calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
“Cnscha! cnscha!” along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,

Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
 To the sandy lonesome shore ;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow-grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow ;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot ; come nppe, Lightfoote ;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow ;
 Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow ;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift the head ;
 Come uppe, Jetty ; follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."



THE THREE FISHERS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THREE fishers went sailing down to the west,
 Away to the west as the sun went down ;

Each thought of the woman who loved him the
 best,
 And the children stood watching them out of
 the town :

For men must work, and women must weep,
 And here's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-honse tower,
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went
 down ;

And they looked at the squall, and they looked at
 the shower,

While the night-rack came rolling up ragged
 and brown ;

But men must work, and women must
 weep,

Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,



And the women are weeping, and wringing their
hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
But men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THOMAS HOOD.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully;
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly!

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family;
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammyly.
Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a nearer one
Still, or a dearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed;
Love by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light,
From many a casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless, by night.

The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river.
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled
Anywhere! anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran;
Over the brink of it:
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it—drink of it,
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,

Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!
 Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently, kindly
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so bludily!

Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurned by contumely,
 Bold inhumanity,
 Burning insauity,
 Into her rest;
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving with meekness
 Her sins to her Saviour.



THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. HEMANS.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side;
 They filled one home with glee;
 Their graves are severed far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow;
 She had each folded flower in sight:
 Where are those sleepers now?

One, midst the forests of the West,
 By a dark stream is laid:
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade.

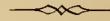
The sea, the lone blue sea, hath one;
 He lies where pearls lie, deep;
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are dressed
 Above the noble slain;
 He wrapped the colors round his breast
 Ou a blood-red field of Spain.

And one, o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
 She faded midst Italian flowers—
 The last of that fair band.

And parted thus, they rest who played
 Beneath the same green tree;
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth;
 Alas for love! if thou wert all,
 And naught beyond, O earth!



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
 And on its outer point, some miles away,
 The light-house lifts its massive masonry,
 A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
 Upheaving, break unheard along its base.
 A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
 In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
 Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
 Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light,
 With strange, unearthly splendor in its glare!

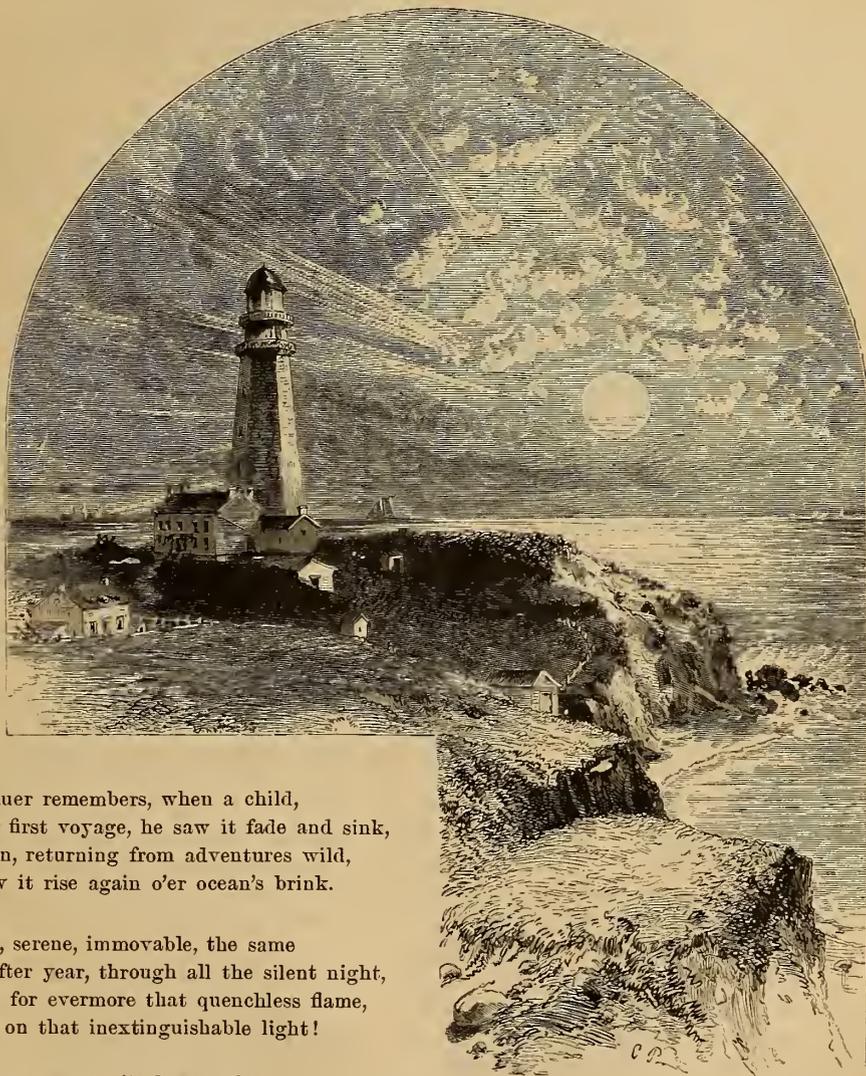
Not one alone; from each projecting cape
 And perilous reef along the ocean's verge
 Starts into life a dim gigantic shape,
 Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
 Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
 Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
 The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
 Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
 And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
 They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
 Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
 And eager faces, as the light unveils,
 Gaze at the tower, and vanish as they gaze.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
 Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
 Blinded and maddened by the light within,
 Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.



The mariner remembers, when a child,
 On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink,
 And when, returning from adventures wild,
 He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
 Year after year, through all the silent night,
 Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
 Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
 The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of
 peace;
 It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
 And hold it up and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
 Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
 And steadily against its solid form
 Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

A new Prometheus chained upon the rock,
 Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
 It does not hear the cry nor heed the shock,
 But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says; "sail on, ye stately ships!
 And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse!
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS."

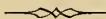
ALFRED TENNYSON.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under-world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!



THE WARBLING OF BLACKBIRDS.

JEAN INGELOW.

WHEN I hear the waters fretting,
When I see the chestnut letting
All her lovely blossoms falter down, I think, "Alas
the day!"

Once, with magical sweet singing,
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing,
That awakes no more while April hours wear
themselves away.

In our hearts fair hope lay smiling,
Sweet as air, and all beguiling;
And there hung a mist of bluebells on the slope
and down the dell;

And we talked of joy and splendor
That the years unborn would render,
And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for
they knew it well.

Piping, fluting, "Bees are humming,
April's here, and summer's coming;
Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men,
in pride and joy;
Think on us in alleys shady,
When you step, a graceful lady;
For no fairer day have we to hope for, little girl
and boy.

"Laugh and play, O lispings waters!
Lull our downy sons and daughters.
Come, O wind, and rock their leafy cradle in thy
wandering coy!
When they wake, we'll end the measure
With a wild, sweet cry of pleasure,
And a 'Hey down derry, let's be merry! little
girl and boy!'"



THE TEARS OF MAN.

From the German of ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

MAIDEN, didst thou see me weeping?
Ah! to me a woman's tear
Is as when upon a flower
Shines the dew-drop, crystal-clear.

Whether by the smiling morning,
Or by sombre evening shed,
Dew revives the drooping flower,
And, refreshed, it rears its head.

But the tears of man resemble
Perfumed Araby's sweet gum;
In its heart the tree conceals it,
Seldom doth it freely come.

To the very pith and marrow
Must the knife's incision go,
Then so clear and pure, so golden
Will the noble juices flow.

True, the source may soon be sealed,
Yet the tree look well and kind;
Many a spring it still may welcome,
But the wound remains behind.

Maid, the wounded tree forget not,
On the Orient's distant steep;
And, O maid, the man remember
Whom thou once beheldest weep!



THE SEA.

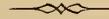
BARRY CORNWALL.

The sea is a jovial comrade!
 He laughs wherever he goes,
 And the merriment shines in the dimpling lines
 That wrinkle his hale repose.
 He lays himself down at the feet of the sun,
 And shakes all over with glee;
 And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the
 shore,
 In the mirth of the mighty sea.

But the wind is sad and restless,
 And cursed with an inward pain;
 You may hark as you will, by valley or hill,
 But you hear him still complain.
 He sobs in the barren mountains,
 And wails on the wintry sea;
 He shrieks in the cedar, and moans in the
 pine,
 And shudders all over the aspen-tree.

Welcome are both their voices!
 And I know not which is best—
 The laughter that slips from Ocean's lips,
 Or the comfortless wind's unrest.

There's a pang in all rejoicing,
 A joy in the heart of pain;
 And the wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens,
 Are singing the self-same strain!



COWPER'S GRAVE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the
 heart's decaying;
 It is a place where happy saints may weep amid
 their praying;
 Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence
 languish;
 Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she
 gave her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the
 deathless singing!
 O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand
 was clinging!
 O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths
 beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died
 while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dim-
ming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on
the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wan-
dering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-
hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vo-
cation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker
adoration ;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good
forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom
God hath taken.

With quiet sadness, and no gloom, I learn to think
upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God, whose
heaven hath won him,
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to his own
love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and
bird could find him ;

And wrought within his shattered brain such
quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars harmonious
influences :
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within
its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him
like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share
his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tender-
nesses ;
The very world, by God's constraint, from false-
hood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true
and loving.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious
of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense
of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy deso-
lated—
Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God cre-
ated.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother
while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of
her kisses ;
That turns his fevered eyes around, "My mother !
where's my mother ?"
As if such tender words and deeds could come from
any other !

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her
bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied
love she bore him.
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long
fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in
death to save him.

Thus, oh, not *thus!* no type of earth can image
that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs
round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body
parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew "*My Saviour!*
not deserted!"

Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when the cross
in darkness rested,
Upon the victim's hidden face no love was mani-
fested ?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the
atoning drops averted ?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that
one should be deserted ?

Deserted! God could separate from his own es-
sence rather ;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous
Son and Father :
Yea, once Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe
hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am for-
saken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his last cre-
ation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of
desolation !
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should
mar not hope's fruition ;
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture
in a vision.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere;
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
 And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
 Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on me,
 And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
 To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
 And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,



Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
 In brighter light and softer airs a beauteous sisterhood?
 Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
 The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago;
 And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;

The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
 And sighs to find them by the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
 The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
 In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
 Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

RICHARD ALLISON.

THERE is a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lilies grow ;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;
 There cherries grow that none may buy
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rose-buds filled with snow ;
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
 All that approach with eye or hand
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.



WHEN WILL YE POETS WEARY ?

From the German of ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

WHEN will ye poets weary
 Of singing on so long ?
 When ring out to its ending
 That old eternal song ?
 Has not the horn of plenty
 Been emptied long ago ?
 Have not all flowers been gathered,
 All fountains ceased to flow ?

As long as through the azure
 The sun-car keeps his way,
 And but one human forehead
 Is turned to meet his ray ;
 As long as through the ether
 Night strews her star-seed fair,
 And only one deciphers
 The golden writing there ;
 As long as rainbows sparkle
 When storms and thunders cease,
 And but one bosom welcomes
 The elemental peace ;
 As long as springs are vernal,
 And blooms are on the rose ;

As long as hearts are mirthful,
 And gladness overflows ;
 As long as yew-trees bending,
 O'er graves, sad mourning make,
 And one lone eye is weeping,
 Or one lone heart can break ;
 So long on earth shall wander
 The goddess Poesy,
 And he with her rejoicing
 Who shall her efforts free.

And when, with mirth and singing,
 From earth's worn house of clay,
 Comes forth the last, lone poet,
 And all have passed away,
 Still God will hold creation
 Within his hand of power,
 And gaze upon it smiling
 As on a fresh-blown flower.
 When this gigantic blossom
 Shall all have passed behind,
 And earths and sun are scattered
 Like flower-dust on the wind,
 Then ask, if yet of asking
 Thou hast not wearied long,
 If yet at last is ended
 That old eternal song !



FROM "SPRING."

HENRY TIMROD.

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
 Which dwells with all things fair ;
 Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
 Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
 Its fragrant lamps, and turns
 Into a royal court with green festoons
 The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
 The blood is all aglee,
 And there's a look about the leafless bowers
 As if they dreamed of flowers.

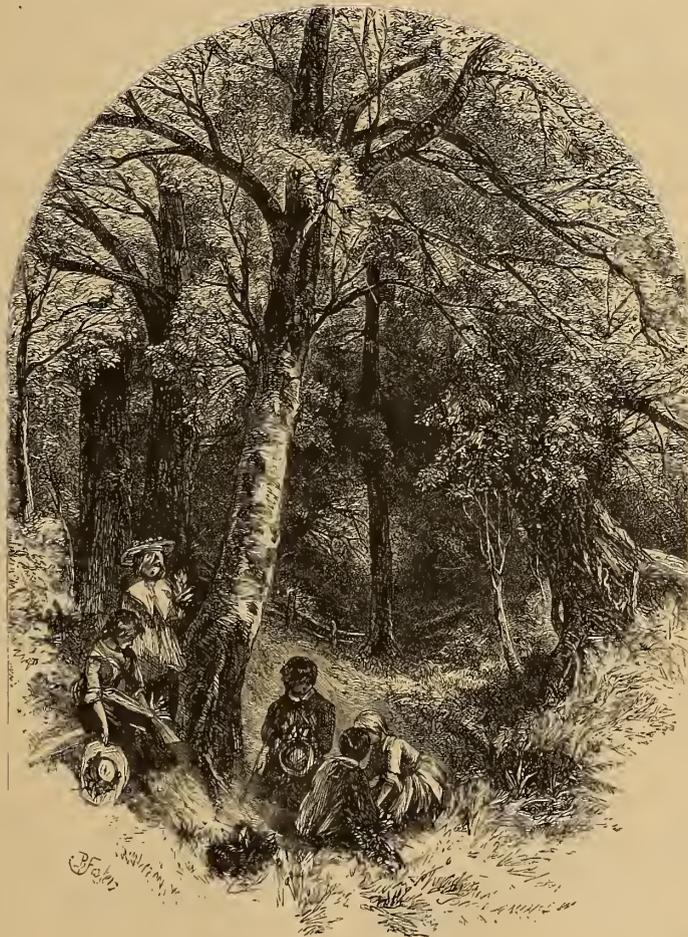
Yet still on every side we trace the hand
 Of Winter in the land,
 Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
 Flushed by the season's dawn ;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still, there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.



Already, here and there, on frailest stems,
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala-day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note, amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snow-drop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

TOO LATE.

"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

DENAH MARIA MULOCH.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows;
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!



THE EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.

[Herodotus, Book II., Chap. 132.]

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THERE was fear and desolation over swarthy
Egypt's land,
From the holy city of the sun to hot Syenè's sand;
The sistrum and cymbal slept, the merry dance no
more
Trampled the evening river buds by Nile's em-
broided shore;
For the daughter of the king must die, the dark
magicians said,
Before the red had sunk to rest that day in
ocean's bed.

And all that day the temple smoke loaded the
heavy air;
But they prayed to one who heedeth none, nor
heareth earnest prayer.

That day the gonfalons were down, the silver
lamps untrimmed;
Sad at their oars the rowers sat, silent the Nile
boat skimmed;
And through the land there went a wail of bit-
terest agony,
From the iron hills of Nubia to the islands of the sea.

There, in the very hall where once her laugh had
loudest been,
Where but that morning she had worn the wreath
of Beauty's Queen,
She lay, a lost but lovely thing; the wreath was
on her brow,
Alas! the lotus might not match its chilly pale-
ness now;
And ever as that golden light sunk lower in the sky,
Her breath came fainter, and the beam seemed
fading in her eye.

Her coal-black hair was tangled, and the sigh of
parting day
Stirred tremblingly its silky folds as on her breast
they lay;
How heavily her rounded arm lay buried by her side!
How droopingly her lashes seemed those star-bright
eyes to hide!
And once there played upon her lips a smile like
summer air,
As though Death came with gentle face, and she
mocked her idle fear.

Low o'er the dying maiden's form the king and
father bows,
Stern anguish holds the place of pride upon the
monarch's brows:
"My daughter, in the world thou leav'st so dark
without thy smile,
Hast thou one care a father's love—a king's word
may beguile?
Hast thou one last light wish? 'Tis thine, by
Isis' throne on high,
If Egypt's blood can win it thee, or Egypt's treas-
ure buy."

How anxiously he waits her words! Upon the
painted wall,
In long gold lines, the dying light between the
columns fall;
It lends her sinking limbs a glow, her pallid cheek
a blush;
And on her lifted lashes throws a fitful, lingering
flush;

And on her parting lips it plays; oh! how they
crowd to hear
The words that will be iron chains to bind them
to her prayer:

"Father, dear father, it is hard to die so very
young;
Summer was coming, and I thought to see the
flowers sprung.

Must it be always dark like this? I can not see
thy face—

I am dying; hold me, father, in thy kind and close
embrace.

Oh, let them sometimes bear me where the merry
sunbeams lie!

I know thou wilt. Farewell, farewell! 'Tis easier
now to die!"

Small need of bearded leeches there; not all Ara-
bia's store

Of precious balm could purchase her one ray of
sunlight more.

Was it strange that tears were glistening where
tears should never be,

When death had smitten down to dust the beauti-
ful and free?

Was it strange that warriors should raise a wou-
an's earnest cry

For help and hope to heaven's throne, when such
as she must die?

And ever when the shining sun has brought the
summer round,

And the Nile rises fast and full along the thirsty
ground,

They bear her from her silent home to where the
gay sunlight

May linger on the hollow eyes that once were
starry bright,

And strew sweet flowers upon her breast; while
gray-haired matrons tell

Of the high Egyptian maiden-queen that loved the
light so well!

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

COUNTESS OF NAIRNE.

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean;
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean;
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
Your task's ended noo, Jean;
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean;
She was baith gude and fair, Jean;
And we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearful e'e, Jean;
My soul langts to be free, Jean;
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.

Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean;
This world's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet, and aye be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

PROFESSOR SHAIRP.

WILL ye gang wi' me and fare
To the bush aboon Traquair?
Owre the high Minchmuir we'll up and awa',
This bonny simmer noon,
While the sun shines fair aboon,
And the licht sklents saftly down on holm and ha'.

And what wad ye do there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?
A lang dreich road, ye had better let it be;
Save some auld scrunts o' birk
P' the hill-side lirk,
There's nocht i' the warld for man to see.

But the blithe lilt o' that air,
"The bush aboon Traquair,"
I need nae mair—it is enouch for me;
Owre my cradle its sweet chime
Cam' sighing frae auld time;
Sae, tidd what may, I'll awa' and see.

And what saw ye there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?

Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
 I heard the enshies croon
 Thro' the gowden afternoon,
 And the quair burn singin' down to the vale o'
 Tweed.

And birks saw I three or four,
 Wi' gray moss bearded owre,
 The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
 Whar mouy a simmer e'en
 Fond lovers did couvene,
 Thae bonny, bonny gloamins that are lang awa'.

Frae mony a but and beu,
 By mairland, holm, and glen,
 They cam' au hour to spend on the greenwood
 sward;
 But lang hae lad an' lass
 Been lyin' 'neath the grass,
 The greu, green grass o' Traquair kirk-yard.

They were blest beyond compare,
 When they held their trysting there,
 Among thae greenest hills shoue on by the sun;
 And then they wan a rest,
 The lownest and the best,
 I' Traquair kirk-yard when a' was dune.

Now the birks to dnt may rot,
 Names o' luvers be forgot,
 Nae lads and lasses there ony more convene;
 But the blithe lilt o' yon air
 Keeps the bush aboon Traquair,
 And the luve that ance was there, aye fresh and
 green!

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
 Yet round about the spot
 Ofttimes I hover;
 And near the sacred gate,
 With longing eyes I wait,
 Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
 Above the city's rout,
 And noise, and humming;
 They've stopped the chiming bell;
 I hear the organ's swell;
 She's coming, coming!

My lady comes at last,
 Timid, and stepping fast,
 And hastening hither,
 With modest eyes downcast
 She comes—she's here—she's past—
 May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
 Pour out your praise or plaint
 Meekly and duly;
 I will not enter there,
 To sully your pure prayer
 With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
 Round the forbidden place,
 Lingerin' a minnte,
 Like outcast spirits who wait,
 And see through heaven's gate
 Angels within it.

APPRENTICED.

JEAN INGELOW.

"COME out and hear the waters shoot, the owlet
 hoot, the owlet hoot;
 Yon crescent moon, a golden boat, hangs dim
 behind the tree, O!
 The dropping thorn makes white the grass, O
 sweetest lass, and sweetest lass!
 Come out and smell the ricks of hay adown the
 croft with me, O!"

"My granny nods before her wheel, and drops her
 reel, and drops her reel;
 My father with his crouy talks as gay as gay
 can be, O!
 But all the milk is yet to skim, ere light wax
 dim, ere light wax dim;
 How can I step adown the croft, my 'preutice
 lad, with thee, O!"

"And must ye bide? Yet waiting's long, and love
 is strong, and love is strong;
 And, oh, had I but served the time that takes
 so long to flee, O!
 And thou, my lass, by morning's light wast all in
 white, wast all in white,
 And parson stood withiu the rails, a-marrying
 me and thee, O!"

ST. AGNES.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapor goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
 The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slaut down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :
 Make thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are these frosty skies,
 Or this first snow-drop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee ;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
 The flashes come and go ;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 Aud strews her gems below,
 And deepens on and up ! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.



As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argente round ;

The Sabbaths of Eternity,
 One Sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with his bride !

SANTÁ FILOMENA.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal-wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
 Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
 Of the great army of the dead;
 The trenches cold and damp,
 The starved and frozen camp;

The wounded from the battle-plain,
 In dreary hospitals of pain;
 The cheerless corridors,
 The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
 A lady with a lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering gloom,
 And flit from room to room.

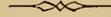
And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
 The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
 Opened, and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
 Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast
 From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
 In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
 The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore
 Saint Filomena bore.



THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying.
 Old year, you must not die:
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
 He will not see the dawn of day.
 He hath no other life above.
 He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
 And the new year will take 'em away.
 Old year, you must not go;
 So long as you have been with us,
 Such joy as you have seen with us,
 Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
 A jollier year we shall not see.
 But though his eyes are waxing dim,
 And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
 He was a friend to me.
 Old year, you shall not die;
 We did so laugh and cry with you,
 I've half a mind to die with you,
 Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
 But all his merry quips are o'er.
 To see him die, across the waste
 His son and heir doth ride post-haste;
 But he'll be dead before.
 Every one for his own.
 The night is starry and cold, my
 friend;
 And the new year, blithe and bold, my
 friend,
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
 I heard just now the crowing cock.
 The shadows flicker to and fro:
 The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
 Shake hands before you die.
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
 What is it we can do for you?
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
 Alack! our friend is gone,
 Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
 Step from the corpse, and let him in
 That standeth there alone,
 And waiteth at the door.
 There's a new foot on the floor, my
 friend;
 And a new face at the door, my friend,
 A new face at the door.

—♦♦♦—

LA TRICOTEUSE.

GEORGE W. THORNBURY.

THE fourteenth of July had come,
 And round the guillotine
 The thieves and beggars, rank by rank,
 Moved the red flags between.
 A crimson heart upon a pole—
 The long march had begun;
 But still the little smiling child
 Sat knitting in the sun.

The red caps of those men of France
 Shook like a poppy-field;
 Three women's heads, with gory hair,
 The standard-bearers wield.
 Cursing, with song and battle-hymn,
 Five butchers dragged a gun;
 Yet still the little maid sat there,
 A-knitting in the sun.

An axe was painted on the flags,
 A broken throne and crown,
 A ragged coat upon a lance
 Hung in foul black shreds down.
 "More heads!" the seething rabble cry,
 And now the drums begun;
 But still the little fair-haired child
 Sat knitting in the sun.

And every time a head rolled off
 They roared like winter seas,
 And, with a tossing-up of caps,
 Shouts shook the Tuileries.
 Whiz went the heavy chopper down,
 And then the drums begun;
 But still the little smiling child
 Sat knitting in the sun.

The Jacobins, ten thousand strong,
 And every man a sword;
 The red-caps, with the tri-colors,
 Led on the noisy horde.
 The *sans-culottes* to-day are strong,
 The gossips say, and run;
 But still the little maid sits there,
 A-knitting in the sun.

Then the slow death-cart moved along;
 And, singing patriot songs,
 A pale, doomed poet bowing comes,
 And cheers the swaying throng.
 Oh, when the axe swept shining down,
 The mad drums all begun;
 But, smiling still, the little child
 Sat knitting in the sun!

"Le Marquis," linen snowy-white,
 The powder in his hair,
 Waving his scented handkerchief,
 Looks down with careless stare.
 A whir, a chop—another head—
 Hurra! the work's begun;
 But still the little child sat there,
 A-knitting in the sun.

A stir, and through the parting crowd
 The people's friends are come—
 Marat and Robespierre; "Vivat!
 Roll thunder from the drum."
 The one, a wild beast's hungry eye,
 Hair tangled—hark! a gun!
 The other kindly kissed the child
 A-knitting in the sun.

"And why not work all night?" the child
 Said to the knitters there.
 Oh, how the furies shook their sides,
 And tossed their grizzled hair!
 Then clapped a *bonnet rouge* on her,
 And cried, "'Tis well begun!"
 And laughed to see the little child
 Knit, smiling, in the sun.

HIGHLAND MARY.

ROBERT BURNS.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The Castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drimlie!
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took my last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;
 But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!

Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And moldering now in silent dust
 The heart that lo'ed me dearly,
 But still withiu my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary!



A FAREWELL.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
 And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
 One grand, sweet song.

SONGS FOR BOYHOOD.

SONGS FOR BOYHOOD.



THE BAREFOOT BOY.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tau!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,

Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools;
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;

Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural plans
 Of gray-hornet artisans!
 For, eschewing books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks;
 Hand-in-hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy—
 Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time in June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for.
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees!
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone;
 Laughed the brook for my delight
 Through the day and through the night,
 Whispering at the garden-wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall;
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond;
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides!
 Still, as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches too;
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread—
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone gray and rude!
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
 And to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch: pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison-cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's, for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil:
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—◆◆◆—

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

THOMAS HOOD.

I REMEMBER, I remember
 The house where I was born;
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn;
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day;
 But now I often wish the night
 Had bornc my breath away!

I remember, I remember
 The roses, red and white,
 The violets, and the lily-cups—
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birth-day—
 The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing;
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could scarcely cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance;
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

HOW'S MY BOY?

SYDNEY DOBELL.

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
 How's my boy, my boy?"
 "What's your boy's name, good wife,
 And in what ship sailed he?"
 "My boy John—
 He that went to sea—
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 My boy's my boy to me.
 "You come back from sea,
 And not know my John?
 I might as well have asked some landsman
 Yonder down in the town.
 There's not an ass in all the parish
 But he knows my John.
 "How's my boy—my boy?
 And unless you let me know,
 I'll swear you are no sailor,
 Blue jacket or no,
 Brass buttons or no, sailor,
 Anchor and crown or no!
 Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*—"
 "Speak low, woman, speak low!"
 "And why should I speak low, sailor,
 About my own boy, John?
 If I was loud as I am proud,
 I'd sing him over the town!
 Why should I speak low, sailor?"
 "That good ship went down!"
 "How's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 I was never aboard her.
 Bo she afloat, or be she aground,
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
 Her owners can afford her!
 I say, how's my John?"
 "Every man on board went down,

Every man aboard her."
 "How's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the men, sailor?
 I'm not their mother—
 How's my boy—my boy?
 Tell me of him, and no other!
 How's my boy—my boy?"

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dumferline town,
 Drinking the blude-red wine:
 "Oh, where will I get a skeely skipper,
 To sail this new ship o' mine?"

Oh, up and spake an eldern knight
 Sat at the king's right knee:
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
 And sealed it wi' his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the sand.

"To Norroway, to Norroway,
 To Norroway, o'er the faem;
 The king's daughter to Norroway,
 'Tis thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
 Sae loud, loud langhèd he;
 The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
 The tear blinded his e'e.

"Oh, wha is this has done this deed,
 And tauld the king o' me,
 To send us out, at this time o' the year,
 To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind or weet, be it hail or sleet,
 Our ship must sail the faem;
 The king's daughter to Norroway,
 'Tis we must bring her hame."

They hoisted their sails on Monenday morn
 Wi' all the speed they may;
 They hao landed safe in Norroway
 Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
 In Norroway but twae,

When that the lords o' Norroway
Began aloud to say :

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' lond I hear ye lie !

"For I brought as mickle white monie
As gane my men and me—
And I brought a half-fon* o' gude red gond
Out ower the sea wi' me.

"Mak' ready, mak' ready, my merry men a',
Our gude ship sails the morn."

"Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the anld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed upon the sea
A day bnt barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew lond,
And gurlly grew the sea.

The ankers brak', and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came ower the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"Oh, where will I get a gude sailor
To tak' my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

"Oh, here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak' the helm in hand,
Till you gae up to the tall topmast—
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step bnt barely aye,
When a bolt flew out o' our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,

And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And they wapped them into that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam' in.

Oh, laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their milk-white hands;
But lang ere a' the play was ower
They wat their gowden bands.

Oh, laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon;
But lang ere a' the play was played
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem;
And many was the gude lord's son
That never mair came hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake o' their true-loves—
For them they'll see nae mair.

Oh, lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves—
For them they'll see nae mair.

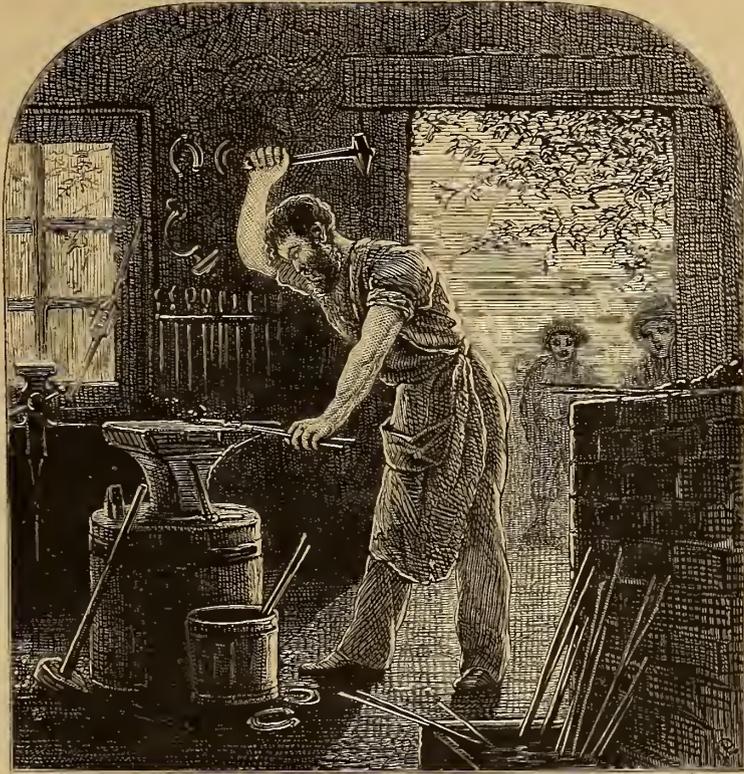
Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

* "Half-fon," half-bushel.



His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,

He hears his daughter's voice
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought!

THE SEA-FIGHT OF BAILLY SUFFREN.

From the Provençal of FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL. Translated by HARRIET W. PRESTON.

OUR captain was Bailly Suffren;
We had sailed from Toulon

Five hundred sea-faring Provençaux,
Stout-hearted and strong;

'Twas the sweet hope of meeting the English that
made our hearts burn,
And till we had thrashed them we vowed we
would never return.

But all the first month of our cruise
We saw never a thing

From the shrouds, save hundreds and hundreds
Of gulls on the wing.

And in the next dolorous month we'd a tempest
to fight,
And had to be bailing out water by day and by
night.

By the third, we were driven to madness
At meeting no foe

For our thundering cannon to sweep
From the ocean. When lo!

"Hands aloft!" captain cried. At the maintop
one heard the command,
And the long Arab coast on the lee-bow intently
he scanned.

Till "God's thunder!" he cried. "Three big ves-
sels

Bear down on us strong;
Run the guns to the ports! Blaze away!"
Shouted Bailly Suffren.

"Sharp, lads! Of our Antibes figs we will give
them a taste,
And see how they like those," captain said, "ere
we offer the rest!"

A crash fit to deafen! Before
The words left his lips,

We had sent forty balls through the hulls
Of the Englisher's ships!

One was done for already. And now the guns
only heard we,
The cracking of wood, and perpetual groan of the
sea.

And now we were closing. Oh, rapture!
We lay along-side,

And our gallant commander stood cool
On the deck, and he cried,
"Well done, my brave boys! But enough! Cease
your friug, I say;
For the time has come now to anoint them with
oil of Aix."

Then we sprung to our dirks and our hatchets,
As they had been toys;
And, grapnel in hand, the Provençal
Cried, "Board 'em, my boys!"
A shout and a leap, and we stood on the English-
er's deck;
And then, ah! 'twas then we were ready our
vengeance to wreak!

Then, oh, the great slaughter! The crash
Of the mainmast ensuing!
And the blows and the turmoil of men
Fighting on 'mid the ruin!
More than one wild Provençal I saw seize a foe in
his place,
And hug till he strained his own life out in dead-
ly embrace.

So with blood-dabbled feet fought we on
For hours, until dark.
Then, our eyes being cleared of the pow-
der,
We missed from our bark
Five-score men. But the king of the English lost
ships of renown:
Three good vessels, with all hands on board, to the
bottom went down.

And now, our sides riddled with shot,
Once more homeward hie we,
Yards splintered, masts shivered, sails tattered.
But brave Captain Bailly
Spake us good words of cheer: "My comrades, ye
have done well!
To the great king of Paris the tale of your valor
I'll tell!"

"Well said, captain dear!" we replied:
"Sure the king will hear you
When you speak. But for us, his poor mar-
iners,
What will he do—
Who left our all gladly, our homes and our fire-
sides," we said,
"For his sake, and lo! now in those homes there
is crying for bread?"

"Ab, admiral, never forget
 When all bow before you,
 With a love like the love of your seamen
 None will adore you!
 Why, say but the word, and, ere homeward our
 footsteps we turn,
 Aloft on the tips of our fingers a king you are
 borne!"

A Martigan,* mending his nets
 One eve, made this ditty.
 Our admiral bid us farewell,
 And sought the great city.
 Were they wroth with his glory up there at the
 court? Who can say?
 But we saw our beloved commander no more from
 that day!



THE BATTLE OF DORKING.

London Society.

I SERVED as gunner's mate
 When I was twenty-eight—
 That's fifty anno-dominis ago;
 And our ship, which was the *Spanker*,
 Were a-riding at her anchor,
 One Sunday night in August, you must know.

I were chewing of a quid,
 Which I ordinary did
 O' Sundays, for I sort o' think it's right,
 When our gunner—Ben's his name—
 Did quite suddenly exclaim,
 And his exclamation were, "Blow me tight!"

Says he, "My jolly mates,
 This here Lloyd's paper states
 As we're goin' to fight them German furrineers!"
 Whereupon we tars, in spite
 Of its bein' Sunday night,
 Stood up and gave three hearty British cheers.

Well, we sailed away to meet
 This famous German fleet,
 Consarnin' which there'd been no end o' jaw;
 For in six weeks they had planned,
 And built, and launched, and manned
 The finest fleet a nation ever saw.

We had cruised about on Sunday;
 But about six bells on Monday,
 When as smooth as any mirror was the wa-
 ter,
 Right on the horizon
 Rose a cloud as black as pizon:
 'Twas the foe a-steamin' down upon our quar-
 ter.

'Twas all as still as death,
 There was not a single breath,
 But our adm'ral wore a smile upon his cheek;
 The foe was on our larboard,
 But right away our starboard
 Was a werry little tiny narrer streak.

A-chucklin' werry sly,
 And a-winkin' of his eye,
 Our admiral gave orders for to run;
 And the enemy gave chase,
 For the Germaus, as a race,
 Have a preference for fighting ten to one.

At seven we felt a whiff;
 At eight it blowed right stiff;
 At nine it was blowing half a gale;
 But at ten the waves ran higher
 Than St. Paul's Cathedral spire,
 And my language to describe the same do fail.

We kept a 'lectric light
 A-burning all the night;
 But on Tuesday, in the morning, about three,
 My gunner up and spoke,
 "Darn me, if any smoke
 Is comin' from their chimney-pots," says he.

Just then we heard a shout,
 And our admiral sung out,
 "Send the signal up to wear about and close!"
 Then fore and aft we ran;
 To his post stood every man;
 And louder than the storm our cheers arose.

We neared them, and took aim,
 And the word to fire came,
 And our volley down the line of battle roared;
 But the German answered not—
 Not a solitary shot—
 But her ensign fluttered down by the board.

* An inhabitant of Martigues, a quaint Provençal fishing-town.—En.

We was speechless pretty nigh,
 As we couldn't make out for why

The sponge they should so quickly up'ards
 chuck it,
 Till Bismarck we espied
 Hangin' pallid o'er the side,
 And Moltke sitting down beside a bucket.

All their gunners, all their stokers,
 Lay as flat as kitchen-pokers,
 All a-groaning from the bottom of their soul;
 For all their precious crew,
 Unaccustomed to the Blue,
 Invalided when the ships began to roll.

And thus the battle ended,
 And the broken peace was mended;
 And William, when at last he ceased to be,
 Died a sadder and a wiser,
 A more circumspect old Kaiser,
 And a member of the Peace Societee.

—◆—◆—◆—

ELEGY ON A MAD DOG.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song,
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 I can not hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
 To comfort friends and foes;
 The naked every day he clad
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
 But when the pique began,
 The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
 The wondering neighbors ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
 To every Christian eye;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That showed the rognes they lied:
 The man recovered of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

—◆—◆—◆—

SIR GALAHAD.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

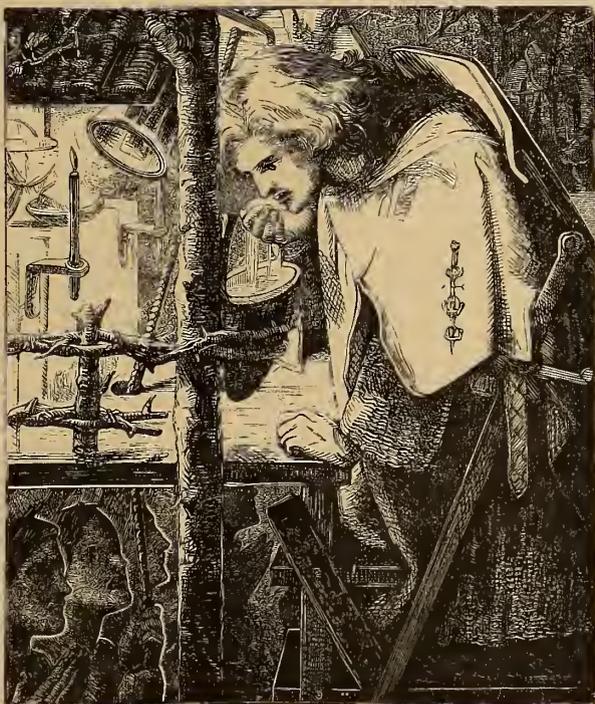
MY good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel:
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists;
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favors fall!
 For them I battle to the end,
 To save from shame and thrall:
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
 So keep I fair, through faith and prayer,
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent grows,
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns:
 Then by some secret shrine I ride;
 I hear a voice, but none are there;
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark;
 I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light!
 Three angels bear the holy Grail:
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joys that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 And lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odors haunt my dreams;



Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
 My spirit bursts her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When, on my goodly charger borne,
 Through dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
 And gilds the driving hail.
 I leave the plain, I climb the height;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields:
 But blessed forms, in whistling storms,
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

Till, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armor that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And through the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes, and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 "O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near!"
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All armed I ride, what'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

THE "NANCY BELL."

N. S. GILBERT.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this night on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a boson tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists, and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid;
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been
drinking,
And so I simply said:

"O elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a boson tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

Then he gave a hitch to his trowsers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun his painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
(There were seventy-seven o' soul);
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here' to the muster-roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain
bold,
And the mate o' the *Nancy* brig,

And the boson tight, and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel;
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the boson tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we whittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left;
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did;
And the cook he worshiped me:
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' said Tom.
'Yes, that,' said I, 'you'll be;
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I.
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do;
For don't you see that you can't cook me,
While I can, and will, cook you!"

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley, too.

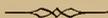
"'Come here,' said he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round, and round, and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I nps with his heels, and smothers his
squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less;
 And as I a-eating be
 The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
 For a wessel in sight I see.

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
 And I never lark nor play;
 But I sit and croak, and a single joke
 I have, which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a boson tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig!"



LOCHINVAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
 And, save his good broadsword, he weapous had
 none.

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for
 stone,

He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consuted, the gallant came late:
 For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
 Among brides-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
 all;

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
 sword
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a
 word):

"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit yon denied;
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide:
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochin-
 var."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar;
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
 plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better
 by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Loch-
 invar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
 stood near;

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and
 scaur;

They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Nether-
 by clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
 they ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochin-
 var?



SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good greenwood,
 Our tent the cypress-tree;
 We know the forest round us,
 As seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines;
 Its glades of reedy grass;
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery,
 That little dread us near!
 On them shall light at midnight
 A strange and sudden fear:
 When, waking to their teuts on fire,
 They grasp their arms in vain,
 And they who stand to face us
 Are beat to earth again.
 And they who fly in terror deem
 A mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands
 Upon the hollow wind.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads—
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds.
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
 Across the moonlight plain;
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts his tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp—
 A moment—and away
 Back to the pathless forest
 Before the peep of day.



Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil;
 We talk the battle over,
 And share the battle's spoil.
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
 As if a hunt were up;
 And woodland flowers are gathered
 To crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves;
 And slumber long and sweetly
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
 Grave men with hoary hairs,
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton
 Forever from our shore.

ADDRESS TO BELZONI'S MUMMY.

HORACE SMITH.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes' street three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous;
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue: come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame.
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either Pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have
seen,

How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? Then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures
numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have above ground seen some strange mutations;
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that
face?
What was thy name, and station, age, and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quittest thy narrow bed,
And staidest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its
warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its nndying guest be lost forever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-
YARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke.
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!



Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.



Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
 Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.



But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Peunry repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blnsh unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

The struggling pangs of conscions truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or beap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.



Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiliug land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

Yet even these boues from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
 decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered
 Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb thê voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agcd thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.



"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by you wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless
love.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished)
a friend.

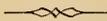
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.



A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

THOMAS HOOD.

OH, when I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing.
But now those past delights I drop;
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored;
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
With Thesens for a taw!
My playful horse has slipped his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
While I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote: my present dreams
Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;

My flights soon find a fall.
My fears prevail, my fancies droop;
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My foot-ball's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself,
The world knocks to and fro;
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task;
My head's ne'er out of school.
My heart is pained with scorn and slight;
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh.
On this I will not dwell and hang;
The changeling would not feel a pang,
Though these should meet his eye.

No skies so blue or so serene
As then; no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh for the garb that marked the boy,
The trowsers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red;
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh for the ribbon round my neck,
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

Oh for that small small beer anew,
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue,
That washed my sweet meals down!
The master even, and that small Turk
That fagged me—worse is now my work—
A fag for all the town!

Oh for the lessons learned by heart!
 Ay, though the very birch's smart
 Should mark those hours again.
 I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
 Beneath the stroke, and even find
 Some sugar in the cane!

The "Arabian Nights" rehearsed in bed!
 The fairy tales in school-time read,
 By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
 The angel form that always walked
 In all my dreams, and looked, and talked
 Exactly like Miss Brown!

The *omne bene*—Christmas come!
 The prize of merit won for home—
 Merit had prizes then!
 But now I write for days and days
 For fame—a deal of empty praise,
 Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach,
 The joyous shout, the loud approach,
 The winding horns like rams!
 The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
 The sweetmeats, almost sweeter still,
 No "satis" to the "jams!"

When that I was a tiny boy,
 My days and nights were full of joy,
 My mates were blithe and kind!
 No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
 And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
 To cast a look behind!

BUGLE-SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

TO D. MACLISE, R.A.

BARRY CORNWALL.

ON! from honor unto honor; let not praise nor
 pelf allure!
 Onward, upward, be thy course, and let thy foot
 be firm and sure.

There is Raphael still before thee; Titian, Michael,
 Rembrandt, all.
 Now for a vigorous effort; knit thy sinews, and
 thou shalt not fall.

In thy land is Hogarth's glory, side by side with
 Reynolds' fame:
 Much to spur thee, naught to daunt thee. Dare!
 and thou shalt do the same.

On the earth are lands untrodden; somewhere un-
 derneath the sun
 Azure heights yet unascended, palmy countries to
 be won.

In the heart's diviner regions there are thoughts
 that stir the soul,
 Till it shoots the bounds of darkness, past where
 stars and planets roll.

In the cottage as the palace, in the clown as in
 the king,
 Infinite, endless passions reign, and with them
 change and conduct bring:

Love, whose strength doth vanquish sorrow; Free-
 dom, wealthy with his crust;
 Truth the servant; Faith the martyr; Hope, that
 soareth from the dust.

Life, in all its sunny aspects, all the moods of vice
 and pain,
 Lie before thee. Oh, be certain nothing need be
 sought in vain!

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

A STEED! a steed of matchlesse speed,
 A sword of metal keene!
 All else to noble heartes is drosse,
 All else on earth is meane.
 The neighyng of the war-horse prowde,
 The rowling of the drmm,
 The clangor of the trnmpet lowde,
 Be sonndes from heaven that come;
 But oh! the thundering presse of knightes
 Whenas their war-cryes swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell!

Then monnte! then monnte, brave gallants, all,
 And don your helmes amaine:
 Death's couriers, Fame and Honor, call
 Us to the field againe.
 No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand—
 Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighc
 For the fayrest of the land;
 Let piping swaine and craven wight
 Thus weepe and pning crye,
 Our business is like men to fight,
 And hero-like to die!

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
 weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
 lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
 came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
 chamber door.
 "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my
 chamber door—
 Only this, and nothing more."
 Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak De-
 cember,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
 upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought
 to borrow

From my books sncrease of sorrow—sorrow for the
 lost Lenore,
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
 name Lenore—
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
 curtain
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
 felt before;
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I
 stood repeating,
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my cham-
 ber door—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my cham-
 ber door;
 This it is, and nothing more."

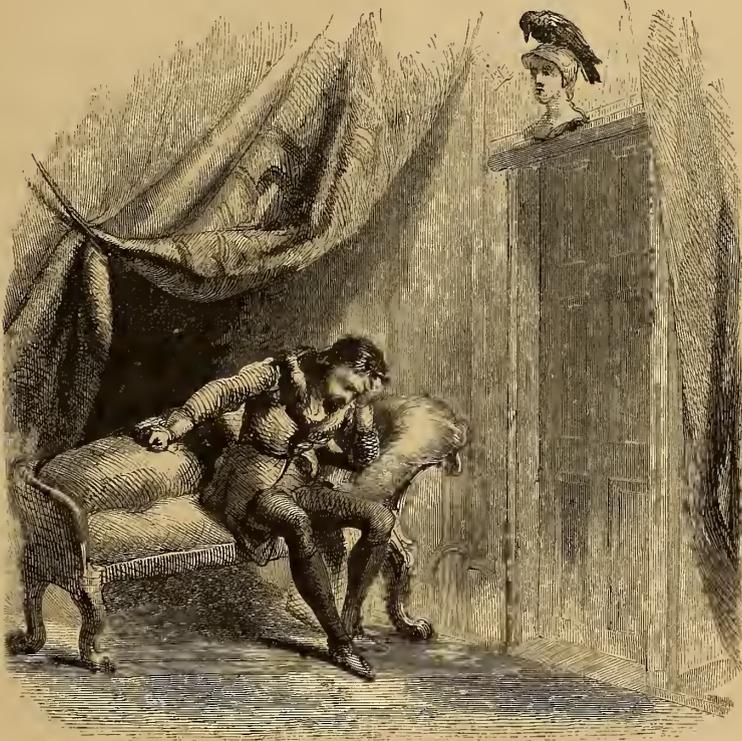
Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then
 no longer,
 "Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I
 implore;
 But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you
 came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
 chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I
 opened wide the door:
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
 wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared
 to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness
 gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered
 word, "Lenore!"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
 word, "Lenore!"
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within
 me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping something louder
 than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
 window lattice;
 Let me see, then, what threath is, and this mys-
 tery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
 explore:
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I fling the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly
days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute
stopped or staid he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door;
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
course so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy
bore;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."



Then the ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-
nance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I
said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from
the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's
Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather
then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends
have flown before:
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only
stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmer-
ciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs
one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy bur-
den bore,
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous
bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and
ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at
ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light
gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the
tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by
these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories
of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this
lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if
bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted; tell me truly, I
implore,
Is there, is there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell
me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil! Prophet still,
if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God
we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the dis-
tant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore,
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!"
I shrieked, upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's
Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above
my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still
is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my cham-
ber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-
ing on the floor
Shall be lifted—Nevermore!



AN ANCIENT TOAST.

"I DRINK to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on a grateful heart,
Till memory is dead!"

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you!"

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fiery flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We curse the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high!"

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his head, as though
To give that name the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother!"



THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

(Told on a bench outside the Invalides.)

GEORGE W. THORNBURY.

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids,
It seems but an hour ago,
That Kleber's foot stood firm in squares,
Returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing,
Their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men,
Teach me the way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side
Torn terribly with shot;
But still he feebly beat his drum,
As though the wound were not.
And when the Mameluke's wild horse
Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "O men of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

"My mother has got other sons,
With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France
To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned,
"Fair are this earth and sky;
Then, comrades of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

I saw Salenche of the granite heart
Wiping his burning eyes—
It was by far more pitiful
Than mere loud sobs and cries.
One bit his cartridge till his lip
Grew black as winter sky;
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

Oh, never saw I sight like that!
The sergeant flung down flag,
Even the fifer bound his brow
With a wet and bloody rag;
Then looked at locks, and fixed their steel,
But never made reply,
Until he sobbed out once again,
"Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a shout that flew to God,
They strode into the fray;
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
Bid the poor boy good-bye,
And said, "We men of the Forty-third
Teach you the way to die!"

I never saw so sad a look
As the poor youngster cast,
When the hot smoke of cannon
In cloud and whirlwind passed.
Earth shook, and heaven answered:
I watched his eagle eye,
As he faintly moaned, "The Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a musket for a crutch,
He limped into the fight.
I, with a bullet in my hip,
Had neither strength nor might;
But, proudly beating on his drum,
A fever in his eye,
I heard him moan, "The Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

They found him on the morrow,
Stretched on a heap of dead;
His hand was in the grenadier's
Who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck,
And closed his dauntless eye;
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third
Taught him the way to die!"

'Tis forty years from then till now ;
 The grave gapes at my feet ;
 Yet, when I think of such a boy,
 I feel my old heart beat.
 And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
 Hearing a feeble cry,
 And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third,
 Teach me the way to die!"

—◆—◆—◆—

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

THOMAS HOOD.

LET Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
 How well to rise while nights and larks are
 flying ;
 For my part, getting up seems not so easy
 By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
 Soaring beyond the sight to find him out ;
 Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly ?
 I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
 The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime ;
 Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
 A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are naught,
 His steeds that paw impatiently about ;
 Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
 The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
 Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl ;
 What then, if I prefer my pillow-beer
 To carly pearl ?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
 And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
 Wherefore should master rise before the hens
 Have laid their eggs ?

Why from a comfortable pillow start
 To see faint flushes in the east awaken ?
 A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
 Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
 Who used to haste the dewy grass amoug,
 "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."
 Well—he died young.

With char-women such early hours agree,
 And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup ;
 But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
 All up, all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
 Till something nearer to the stroke of noon ;
 A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*
 Must be a spoon!

—◆—◆—◆—

BANNOCKBURN.

(Robert Bruce's Address to his Army.)

ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTS wha hae wi' Wallace bled ;
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa' ?
 Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward! let us do or die!

—◆—◆—◆—

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHARLES WOLFE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night—
 The sod with our bayonets turning—
 By the strnggling moonbeams' misty light,
 And the lantern, dimly brrning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound
 him;

That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 head,
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.



Bnt he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,

Bnt half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gnn
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a
 stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory!

A WINTER'S NIGHT IN ENGLAND.

(The Crimean War.)

GERALD MASSEY.

WILD is the wintry weather!
 Dark is the night, and cold!
 All closely we crowd together
 Within the family fold.
 A mnte and mighty shadow flies
 Across the land on wings of gloom,
 And thro' each home its awful eyes
 May lighten with their stroke of doom!
 Life's light burns dim—we hold the breath—
 All sit stern in the shadow of Death,
 Around the household fire
 This winter's night in England,
 Straining our ears for the tidings of war,
 Holding our hearts, like beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

We talk of Britain's glory,
 We sing some brave old song,
 Or tell the thrilling story
 Of her wrestle with the wrong,
 Till we clutch the spirit-sword from the strife,
 And into our rest would rather fall
 Down battle's cataract of life,
 Than turu the white face to the wall.
 Sing O for a charge victorious!
 And the meekest face grows glorious,
 As we sit by the household fire
 This winter's night in England,
 Our souls within us like steeds of war,
 And we hold our hearts, like beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

And oft, in silence solemn,
 We peer from night's dark tent,
 And see the quivering column,
 Like a cloud by lightning rent.
 For death, how merry they mount and ride!
 Those swords look keen for their lap of gore;
 Such valor leaps ont deified!
 Such souls must rend the clay they wore!
 How proud they sweep on glory's track!
 So many start! So few come back
 To sit by the household fire
 On a winter's night in England,
 And with rich tears wash their wounds of war,
 Where we hold our hearts, like beacons, up
 higher,
 For those who are fighting afar!

We thrill to the clarion's clangor,
 And harness for the fight;
 With the warrior's glorions anger,
 We are nobly mad to smite.
 No dalliance, save with hate, hold we,
 Where Life and Death keep bloody tryst,
 And all the red reality
 Reels on us through a murder-mist.
 Wave upon wave rolls ruin's flood,
 And the hosts of the tyrant melt in blood,
 As we sit by the household fire,
 This winter's night in England,
 And our color flies out to the music of war,
 While we hold our hearts, like beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

Old England still hath heroes,
 To wear her sword and shield!
 We knew them not while near us,
 We know them in the field!
 Look, how the tyrant's hills they climb,
 To hurl our gage in his grim hold!
 The Titans of the earlier time,
 Tho' larger-limbed, were smaller-souled.
 Laurel or amaranth light their brow!
 Living or dead, we crown them now!
 As we sit by the household fire,
 This winter's night in England,
 From the white cliffs watching the storm of war,
 Holding our hearts, like beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar!

Oh, their brave love hath rootage
 In the Old Land, deep and dear,
 And life's ripe, ruddy fruitage
 Hangs summering for them here!
 And tender eyes, tear lminous,
 Melt thro' the dark of dream-land skies,
 While, pleading aye for home and us,
 The heart is one live brood of cries.
 Old feelings cling—oh, how they cling!
 And sweet birds sing—oh, how they sing
 Them back to the household fire,
 This winter's night in England,
 Where we wait for them, weary and wounded from
 war,
 Holding our hearts, like beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar!

Ah me! how many a maiden
 Will wake o' nights, to find
 Her tree of life, love-laden,
 Swept bare in this wild wiud!

The bird of bliss to many a nest
 Will come back never, nevermore!
 So many a goodly, gallant crest
 That waved to victory now lies low!
 We pray for them, we fear for them,
 And silently drop a tear for them,
 As we sit by the household fire,
 This winter's night in England,
 Each life looking out for its own love star,
 Holding our hearts, like beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar!

But there is no land like England,
 Wherever that land may be!
 Of all the world 'tis king-land,
 Crowned by its bride, the sea,
 And they shall rest in the balmiest bed,
 Who battle for it and bleed for it;
 And they shall be head of the glorious dead,
 Who die in the hour of need for it;
 And long shall we sing of their deeds divine,
 In songs that warm the heart like wine,
 As we sit by the household fire.
 On a winter's night in England,
 And the tale is told of this night of war,
 How we held our hearts, like beacons, up higher,
 For those who were fighting afar!

FROM THE "EXECUTION OF MONTROSE."

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.

"HE is coming! he is coming!"
 Like a bridegroom from his room,
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead,
 There was lustre in his eye;
 And he never walked to battle
 More proudly than to die.
 There was color in his visage,
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,
 And they marveled as they saw him pass,
 That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,
 And he turned him to the crowd;
 But they dare not trust the people,
 So he might not speak aloud.
 But he looked upon the heavens,
 And they were clear and blue,
 And in the liquid ether
 The eye of God shone through;

Yet a black and murky battlement
 Was resting on the hill,
 As though the thunder slept within.
 All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
 With anxious scowl drew near,
 As you have seen the ravens flock
 Around the dying deer.
 He would not deign them word nor sign,
 But alone he bent the knee,
 And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
 Beneath the gallows tree.
 Then, radiant and serene, he rose,
 And cast his cloak away;
 For he had ta'en his latest look
 Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
 Like a glory round the shriven;
 And he climbed the lofty ladder,
 As it were the path to heaven.
 Then came a flash from out the cloud,
 And a stunning thunder-roll;
 And no man dared to look aloft,
 For fear was on every soul.
 There was another heavy sound,
 A hush, and then a groan,
 And darkness swept across the sky—
 The work of death was done!

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MAHAULAY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all
 glories are!
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of
 Navarre!
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and
 the dance
 Through thy corn-fields green and sunny vines, O
 pleasant land of France!
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city
 of the waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourn-
 ing daughters.
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in
 our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought
 thy walls annoy.

Hurra! hurra! a single field hath turned the
 chance of war;
 Hurra! hurra! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating when at the
 dawn of day
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in
 long array;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel
 peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flem-
 ish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses
 of our land!
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon
 in his hand;
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's
 empurpled flood,
 And good Coligui's hoary hair all dabbled with
 his blood;
 And we cried unto the living God who rules the
 fate of war,
 To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of
 Navarre!

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor
 drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his
 gallant crest;
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his
 eye;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was
 stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from
 wing to wing,
 Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save
 our lord the King!"
 "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well
 he may—
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
 Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst
 the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Na-
 varre."

Hurra! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled
 din
 Of fife, and steed, and trumpet, and drum, and roar-
 ing culverin!
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint An-
 dre's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Gueldres and Al-
 mayne.

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen
 of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies now! upon them with
 the lance!
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand
 spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the
 snow-white crest;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like
 a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
 Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne
 hath turned his rein!
 D'Anmale hath cried for quarter! The Flemish
 Count is slain!
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a
 Biscay gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags,
 and cloven mail;
 And then we thought on vengeance, and all along
 our van,
 "Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from
 man to man.
 But out spake gentle Henry then: "No French-
 man is my foe.
 Down, down with every foreigner! but let your
 brethren go!"
 Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or
 in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of
 Navarre?

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lu-
 cerne!
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never
 shall return!
 Ho! Philip! send for charity thy Mexican pistols,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
 spearmen's souls!
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your
 arms be bright!
 Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and
 ward to-night!
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
 raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor
 of the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glo-
 ries are;
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of
 Navarre!



ABOU BEN ADHEM.

LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel, writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all-sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the
 Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had
 blessed,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

LORD BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the
 fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and
 gold;

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
 sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
 blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
 blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew
 still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his
 pride;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
 mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
 sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed ?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered.
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do or die :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 Right through the line they broke :
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 Oh, the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Light Brigade !
 Noble six hundred !

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

It was a summer's evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun ;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,
 In playing there, had found.
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And, with a natural sigh,
 " 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 " Who fell in the great victory !

" I find them in the garden,
 For there's many hereabout ;
 And often, when I go to plow,
 The plowshare turns them out ;
 For many thousand men," said he,
 " Were slain in that great victory !"

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries ;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
 " Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they killed each other for ?"

* Captain Nolan.—Ed.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
 But what they killed each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But every body said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory!

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burned his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide;
 And many a childing mother then
 And new-born baby died.
 But things like that, you know, must be,
 At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun.
 But things like that, you know, must be,
 After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."

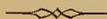
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing?"
 Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory!

"And every body praised the duke
 Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I can not tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory!"



THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
 The day was just begun,
 And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
 And the white sail of ships;

And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
 Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover,
 Were all alert that day
 To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
 When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like conchaut lions,
 Their cannon, through the night,
 Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
 The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their sta-
 tions
 On every citadel,
 Each answering each, with morning salutations,
 That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
 Replied the distant forts,
 As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
 And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
 No drum-beat from the wall,
 No morning-gun from the black fort's embrasure,
 Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
 The long line of the coast,
 Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-marshal
 Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
 In sombre harness mailed,
 Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
 The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
 The dark and silent room;
 And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
 The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
 But smote the warden hoar.
 Ah, what a blow! that made all England tremble
 And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
 The sun rose bright o'erhead;
 Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
 That a great man was dead.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF
WATERLOO.

LORD BYRON.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a ris-
ing knell!

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! It is—it is—the cannon's opening
roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain. He did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting,
fell.



Did ye not hear it? No, 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,

Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could
 rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the
 steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They
 come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
 rose!

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes!
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which
 fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instills
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
 ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green
 leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall molder cold
 and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
 The morn, the marshaling in arms; the day,
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when
 rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and
 pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial
 blent!

LIFE LESSONS.

THE saying of an ancient sage,
 Repeated still from age to age,
 Bids man his inner self explore
 If he would open wisdom's door.

For deep within the key is found
 Whereby all knowledge is unbound ;
 And he is wisest who best knows
 The narrow heart whence life outflows.

First stage whereby the soul ascends,
 The dawn where idle dreaming ends,
 To know thyself may cost thee tears,
 May be the work of patient years.

But harder lesson yet remains,
 And wider knowledge for thy pains:
 "Forget thyself," a Voice divine
 Whispers within the inner shrine.

"Forget thyself," if thou wouldst rise
 From earth, and higher good surprise;
 "Forget thyself," if thou wouldst love
 And know the spring of life above.

Who loses self in brotherhood,
 Forth-giving, ever gathers good;
 And who for truth or right would die
 In falling gains the victory.

The spirit wrought to noble aim,
 The thought that sets the mind aflame,
 The faith that wins in deadly fight,
 Forgetting self, have greatest might.

So wisdom centres at the heart,
 Like subtle sense that every part
 Moves unperceived in perfect health;
 And knowledge thrives in larger wealth.

But chiefest to the soul perplexed,
 By doubt or wayward evil vexed,
 Oppressed with woes, or worn with strife,
 This whisper opens the gate of life:

Not what thou art, but what He is
 In whom thou livest, makes thy bliss;
 Count self and all its searchings loss
 Before this wisdom of the Cross.

HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
 Then rushed the steeds to battle driven;
 And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery!

But redder yet those fires shall glow
 On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
 And darker yet shall be the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.



But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens! On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave!
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!



HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I SPRUNG to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three.
"Good-speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew;

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through:
Behind shnt the postern, the lights sunk to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other: we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place.

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the
bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew
near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned
clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffield, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half-chime;
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black, every one,
To stare, through the mist, at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray;

And his low head and crest—just one sharp ear
bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;

And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which, aye and
anon,
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in
her;

We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and stagger-
ing knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres—no cloud in the
sky;

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle, bright stubble
like chaff;

Till, over by Dalhem, a dome-tower sprung white,
And, "Gallop!" cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and, all in a moment, his
roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stoue;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red round his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast my loose buff-coat, each holster let
fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in my stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Rolaud his pet name, my horse without
peer,

Clapped my hands, laughed and sung—any noise,
bad or good—

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of
mine,

As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.



THE LAST LEAF.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door ;
And again
The pavement-stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground,
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan ;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
" They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom ;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff ;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin

At him here ;
 But the old three-cornered hat,
 And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring—
 Let them smile, as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 Where I eling.



MY LOST YOUTH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea ;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me.
 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch, in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.
 And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free,
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.
 And the voice of that wayward song
 Is singing and saying still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill ;
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.
 And the music of that old song

"Throbs in my memory still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide !
 And the dead captains, as they lay
 In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
 Where they in battle died.
 And the sound of that mournful song
 Goes through me with a thrill :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
 The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
 And the friendships old, and the early loves,
 Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
 In quiet neighborhoods.
 And the verse of that sweet old song,
 It flutters and murmurs still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
 Across the school-boy's brain ;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain.
 And the voice of that fitful song
 Sings on, and never is still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak ;
 There are dreams that can not die ;
 There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,
 And a mist before the eye.
 And the words of that fatal song
 Come over me with a chill :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet,
 When I visit the dear old town ;
 But the native air is pure and sweet,
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
 As they balance up and down,
 Are singing the beautiful song,
 Are sighing and whispering still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
 And, with joy that is almost pain,
 My heart goes back to wander there,
 And among the dreams of the days that were,
 I find my lost youth again.
 And the strange and beautiful song,
 The groves are repeating it still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long thoughts."

— — — — —

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON.

WORD was brought to the Danish king
 (Hurry!)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,
 And pined for the comfort his heart would bring.
 (Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
 Better he loves each golden curl
 On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
 Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl;
 And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,
 (Hurry!)

Each one mounting a gallant steed
 Which he kept for battle and days of need.
 (Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
 Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
 Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
 Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
 But ride as they would, the king rode first,
 For his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten one by one;
 (Hurry!)

They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
 His little fair page now follows alone,
 For strength and for courage trying.
 The king looked back at that faithful child;
 Wan was the face that answering smiled.
 They passed the draw-bridge with clattering din;
 Then he dropped, and only the king rode in,
 Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn.
 (Silence!)

No answer came; but, faint and forlorn,
 An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
 Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
 The castle portal stood grimly wide;
 None welcomed the king from that weary ride;

For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
 The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
 Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
 Stood weary.

The king returned from her chamber of rest,
 The thick sobs choking in his breast;

And, that dumb companion eying,
 The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
 He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
 "O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
 Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain,
 'To the halls where my love lay dying!'"

— — — — —

THE BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell
 The shadowed light of evening fell;
 And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
 With soft and silent lapse came down
 The glory that the wood receives
 At sunset in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
 Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
 Around a far uplifted cone,
 In the warm blush of evening shone,
 An image of the silver lakes,
 By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
 Where the soft breath of evening stirred
 The tall, gray forest; and a band
 Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
 Came winding down beside the wave,
 To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sung, that by his native bowers
 He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
 And thirty snows had not yet shed
 Their glory on the warrior's head;
 But as the summer fruit decays,
 So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
 Covered the warrior, and within
 Its heavy folds the weapons, made
 For the hard toils of war, were laid;
 The cuirass woven of plaited reeds,
 And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
 Chanted the death-dirge of the slain;
 Behind, a long procession came
 Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
 With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
 Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
 Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
 With darting eye and nostril spread,
 And heavy and impatient tread,
 He came; and oft that eye so proud
 Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
 Beside the grave his battle steed;
 And swift an arrow cleaved its way
 To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
 Arose—and on the dead man's plain
 The rider grasps his steed again.



THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.*

THEODORE O'HARA.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
 No more on life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.
 On fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread;
 And glory guards, with silent round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
 Now swells upon the wind;
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind;
 No vision of the morrow's strife
 The warrior's dream alarms,
 Nor braying horn, nor screaming fife
 At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
 Their plumed breasts are bowed;
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
 Is now their martial shroud!
 And plenteous funeral tears have washed
 The red stains from each brow,
 And the proud forms by battle gashed
 Are free from anguish now.

The neighing-steed, the flashing blade,
 The bugle's stirring blast;
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din, and shout are past;
 Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that nevermore may feel
 The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
 That sweeps his broad plateau,
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
 Came down the serried foe.
 Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
 To meet them on the plain;
 And long the pitying sky hath wept
 Above our gallant slain.

Sons of the consecrated ground,
 Ye must not slumber there,
 Where stranger steps and tongues resound
 Along the endless air.
 Your own proud land's heroic soil
 Shall be your fitter grave;
 She claims from war his richest spoil,
 The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent's turf they rest,
 Far from the gory field,
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
 On many a bloody shield;
 The sunshine of their native sky
 Smiles sadly on them here,
 And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
 The soldiers' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
 Dear as the bloody brave;
 No impious footstep here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave;
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While fame her record keeps,
 Or honor points the hallowed spot
 Where valor proudly sleeps.

You marble minstrel's voiceless tone
 In deathless song shall tell,
 When many a vanquished age hath flown,
 The story how you fell.
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor time's remorseless doom,
 Shall dim one ray of holy light
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

* On the occasion of the bringing home to Kentucky her sons who fell at Buena Vista.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE play is done; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task,
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's any thing but gay.

One word ere yet the evening ends;
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas-time.
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
 That Fate ere long shall bid you play.
 Good-night! with honest, gentle hearts
 A kindly greeting go away.

Good-night! I'd say the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age.
 I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
 Your hopes more vain than those of men,
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive
 Not less nor more as men than boys,
 With grizzled beards at forty-five
 As erst at twelve in corduroys.
 And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,
 Pray Heaven that early love and truth
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
 I'd say how fate may change and shift,
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift.
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessed be he who took and gave!

Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave?*

We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all;
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
 Who brought him to that mirth and state?
 His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
 Who bid the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn in life's advance
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
 And longing passion unfulfilled.
 Amen! whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the Awful Will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.
 Who misses or who wins the prize?
 Go, lose or conquer, as you can;
 But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman!

A gentleman, or old or young!
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays!)
 The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas-days;
 The shepherds heard it overhead—
 The joyful angels raised it then:
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
 I lay my weary pen aside,
 And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
 As fits the holy Christmas birth,
 Be this, good friends, our carol still:
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will!

* Charles Buller, *ob.* November 29th, 1848, *æt.* 42.

OUR CHILDREN'S SACRED SONGS.

OUR CHILDREN'S SACRED SONGS.

PART I.

HYMNS FOR THE NURSERY.



CRADLE HYMN.

ISAAC WATTS.

HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

How much better thou art attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise!

A MORNING PRAYER.

JESUS, Lord, to thee I pray:
Guide and guard me through this day;

As the shepherd tends the sheep,
Lord, me safe from evil keep.

Keep my feet from every snare,
Keep me with thy watchful care.

All my little wants supply,
If I live, or if I die.

And when life, O Lord, is past,
Take me to thyself at last!

AN EVENING PRAYER.

LORD, this night I come to own
All my sins before thy throne.

All the ill I've done this day,
In thy blood, oh, wash away!

Put on me, O Lord, this night,
Put on me a robe of white.

Say to me, with voice from heaven,
"Little child, thy sin's forgiven."

Joyful then my rest I'll take,
Jesus, all for thy dear sake!

THE MORNING BRIGHT.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Hath waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep!

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side!

Oh, make thy rest
Withiu my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace!
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face!

EVENING IS FALLING ASLEEP IN THE WEST.

From the German.

EVENING is falling asleep in the west,
Lulling the golden-brown meadows to rest;
Twinkle like diamonds the stars in the skies,
Greeting the two little slumbering eyes.
Sweetly sleep! Jesus doth keep;
And Jesus will give his beloved ones sleep.

Now all the flowers have gone to repose,
Closed are the sweet cups of lily and rose;
Blossoms rocked lightly on evening's mild breeze,
Drowsily, dreamily swinging the trees.
Sweetly sleep! Jesus doth keep;
And Jesus will give his beloved ones sleep.

Sleep, till the flowers shall open once more;
Sleep, till the lark in the morning shall soar;
Sleep, till the morning sun, lighting the skies,
Bids thee from sweet repose joyfully rise.
Sweetly sleep! Jesus doth keep;
And Jesus will give his beloved ones sleep.

JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD, HEAR ME.

M. L. DUNGAN.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless thy little lamb to-night!
Through the darkness be thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light!

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me:
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell!

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

SAMUEL HENRY DICERSON.

THE glorious God, who reigns on high,
Who formed the earth, and built the sky,
Stoops from his throne in heaven to hear
A little infant's prattling prayer.

Father of all! *my* Father too!
Oh, make me good, and just, and true!
Make me delight to learn thy word,
And love to pray and praise the Lord!

Oh, may thy gracious presence bless
And guard my childhood's helplessness;
Be with me as I grow in years,
And guide me through this vale of tears!

A SONG OF PRAISE.

ISAAC WATTS.

How glorious is our Heavenly King,
 Who reigns above the sky!
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful majesty?

How great his power is none can tell,
 Nor think how large his grace;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord
 Can search his secret will;
 But they perform his heavenly word,
 And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
 And my first offerings bring;
 The eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
 And angels shall rejoice
 To hear their mighty Maker's praise
 Sound from a feeble voice.

A CHILD'S PETITION.

My Father, hear a little child,
 Who tries to pray to thee,
 And may thine eye, so kind and mild,
 Look down from heaven on me!

I have a very naughty heart,
 That will not be at rest,
 And little hands that do their part
 In making me unblest.

Wilt thou not take away my sin,
 And make me pure and good?
 Can not a little child be clean
 If washed in Jesus' blood?

May I be like a little flower
 That opens in the sun!
 So sweetly humble every hour
 Till its short day is done.

And if I may not live to see
 The close of this short year,

Wilt thou be pleased to gather me
 Where all good childreu are?

LONG AGO THE LORD OF GLORY.

LONG ago the Lord of glory
 Lived on earth, a little child;
 He was gentle, he was holy,
 He was always kind and mild.

He was cradled in a manger,
 Poor and humble was his bed;
 Jesus, when on earth a stranger,
 Had not where to lay his head.

When he came, the angels, singing,
 Told the shepherds of his birth:
 "Christ," they said, "is come! and bringing
 Joy and peace to you on earth!"

Let us love him, let us fear him,
 Let us learn of him below;
 Then in heaven we shall see him;
 More of him we then shall know.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

IN the green fields of Palestine,
 By its fountains and its rills,
 And by the sacred Jordan's stream,
 And o'er the vine-clad hills,

Once lived and roved the fairest Child
 That ever blessed the earth,
 The happiest, the holiest
 That e'er had human birth.

How beautiful his childhood was!
 Harmless and undefiled!
 Oh, dear to his young mother's heart
 Was this pure, sinless Child!

Kindly in all his deeds and words,
 And gentle as the dove,
 Obedient, affectionate—
 His very soul was love!

Oh, is it not a blessed thought,
 Children of human birth,
 That once the Saviour was a child,
 And lived upon the earth?

CHILD'S VESPER HYMN.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

THOU that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay thy hands about my head;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once thou wert in cradle laid,
Baby bright, in manger shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house.
Now thou art above the sky,
Canst thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear;
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

DEAR JESUS, EVER AT MY SIDE.

F. W. FABER.

DEAR Jesus, ever at my side!
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

I can not feel thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did,
When I was but a child.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;

And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

HEAR MY PRAYER, O HEAVENLY FATHER.

HARRIET PARR.

HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father!
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid thy angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

My sins are heavy, but thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in thy help alone.

Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to thy rest, I pray thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which thy holy Son has bought.

Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with thy blessing,
Till thy angels bid me home.

EVENING PRAYER.

BERNARD BARTON.

BEFORE I close my eyes in sleep,
Lord, hear my evening prayer;
And deign a helpless child to keep
With thy protecting care.

Though young in years, I have been taught
Thy name to love and fear;
Of thee to think with solemn thought,
Thy goodness to revere.

That goodness gives each simple flower
 Its scent and beauty too,
 And feeds it, in night's darkest hour,
 With heaven's refreshing dew.

Nor will thy mercy less delight
 The infant's God to be,

And when at night they cease to sing,
 By thee protected still,
 Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
 Secure from every ill.

Thus mayst thou guard with gracious arm
 The bed whereon I lie,



Who, through the darkness of the night,
 For safety trusts to thee.

The little birds that sing all day
 In many a leafy wood,
 By thee are clothed with plumage gay,
 By thee supplied with food.

And keep a child from every harm
 By thy all-watchful eye.

For night and day to thee are one;
 The helpless are thy care;
 And, for the sake of thy dear Son,
 Thou hearest my childish prayer.

GREAT SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP.

GREAT Shepherd of the sheep,
 Who all thy flock dost keep,
 Leading by waters calm,
 Do thou my footsteps guide
 To follow by thy side ;
 Make me thy little lamb !

I fear I may be torn
 By many a sharp-set thorn,
 As far from thee I stray ;
 My weary feet may bleed,
 For rough are paths which lead
 Out of thy pleasant way.

But when the road is long,
 Thy tender arm, and strong,
 The weary one will bear ;
 And thou wilt wash me clean,
 And lead to pastures green,
 Where all the flowers are fair.

Till, from the soil of sin
 Cleansed, and made pure within,
 Dear Saviour, whose I am,
 Thou bringest me in love
 To thy sweet fold above,
 A little snow-white lamb !

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How fair the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.

O thou whose infant feet were found
 Within thy Father's shrine,

Whose years, with ceaseless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine !

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own !

SEE THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

SEE, the good Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
 And calls his sheep by name ;
 Gathers the feeble in his arms,
 And feeds each tender lamb.

He leads them to the gentle stream
 Where living water flows,
 And guides them to the verdant fields
 Where sweetest herbage grows.

When, wandering from the peaceful fold,
 We leave the narrow way,
 Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
 To seek us when astray.

The weakest lambs amidst the flock
 His tender mercies share,
 And, folded in the Saviour's arms,
 Are free from every snare.

Thus may we safely onward go,
 Beneath our Shepherd's care,
 And keep the gate of heaven in view,
 Till we shall enter there.

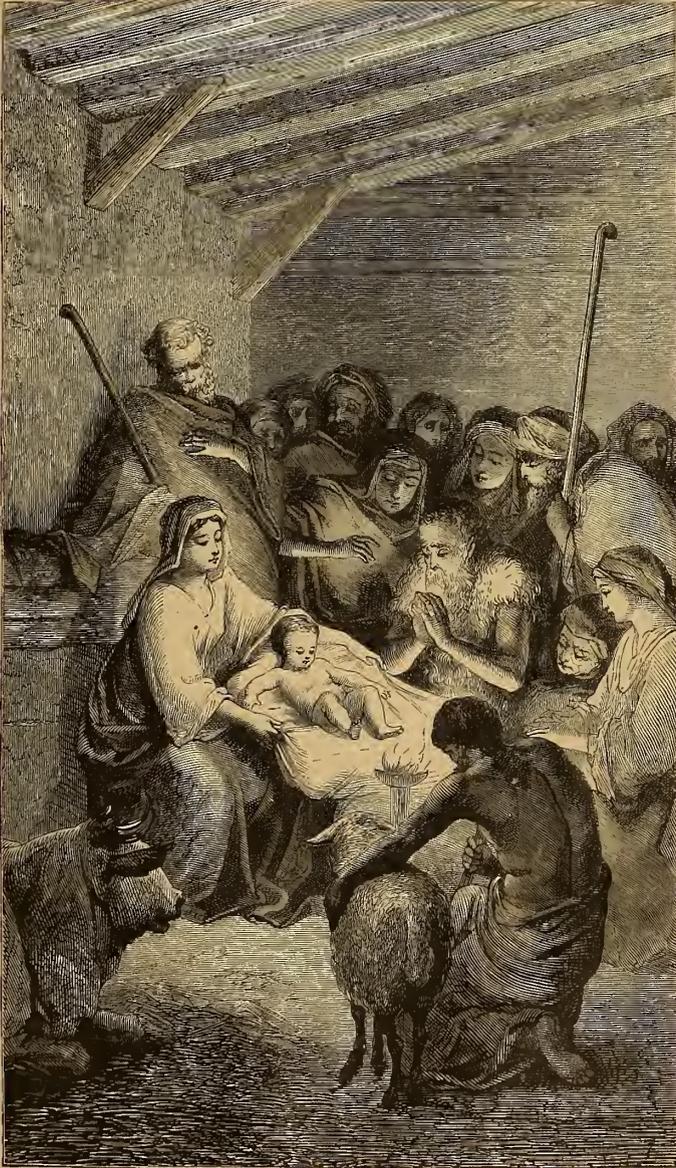
CHRISTMAS CAROL.

LITTLE children, can you tell,
 Do you know the story well,
 Every girl and every boy,
 Why the angels sing for joy
 On the Christmas morning ?

Yes, we know the story well ;
 Listen now, and hear us tell,
 Every girl and every boy,
 Why the angels sing for joy
 On the Christmas morning.

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
 Fleecy flocks were scattered round,
 When the brightness filled the sky,
 And a song was heard on high
 On the Christmas morning,

For a little babe, that day,
 Christ, the Lord of angels, lay.
 Born on earth our Lord to be;
 This the wondering angels see
 On the Christmas morning.



“Joy and peace,” the angels sang;
 Far the pleasant echoes rang:
 “Peace on earth, to men good-will!”
 Hark! the angels sing it still
 On the Christmas morning.

Let us sing the angel’s song,
 And the pleasant sound prolong.
 This fair Babe of Bethlehem
 Children loves, and blesses them
 On the Christmas morning.

I THINK, WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY
OF OLD.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold—
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when
he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me!"

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.



THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord they crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we can not tell,
What pain he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

There was none other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE.

ISAAC WATTS.

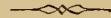
LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man
And God his Father too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And, from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.



HOW DOTHTHE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

ISAAC WATTS.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.



ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

JOHN KEBLE.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
 All creatures great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful—
 The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
 Each little bird that sings—
 He made their glowing colors,
 He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
 The river running by,
 The morning, and the sunset
 That lighteth up the sky;

The tall trees in the greenwood,
 The pleasant summer sun,
 The ripe fruits in the garden—
 He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
 And lips, that we might tell
 How great is God Almighty,
 Who hath made all things well.



A CHILD'S HYMN.

Abridged from CHARLES WESLEY.

LOVING Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child!

Make me gentle as thou art,
 Come and live within my heart.

Take my childish hand in thine,
 Guide these little feet of mine.

So shall all my happy days
 Sing their pleasant song of praise;

And the world shall always see
 Christ, the holy Child, in me!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

BEFORE the paling of the stars,
 Before the winter morn,
 Before the earliest cock-crow,
 Jesus Christ was born—
 Born in a stable,
 Cradled in a manger;
 In the world his hands had made
 Born a stranger.

Priest and king lay fast asleep
 In Jernsalem;
 Young and old lay fast asleep
 In crowded Bethlehem;
 Saint and angel, ox and ass,
 Kept a watch together,
 Before the Christmas day-break,
 In the winter weather.

Jesus on his mother's breast
 In the stable cold,
 Spotless Lamb of God was he,
 Shepherd of the fold;
 Let us kneel with Mary, maid,
 With Joseph, bent and hoary,
 With saint and angel, ox and ass,
 To hail the King of glory!

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

MISS GILL.

I WANT to be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand.
 There, right before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'd wake the sweetest music,
 And praise him day and night.

I never should be weary,
 Nor ever shed a tear,
 Nor ever know a sorrow,
 Nor ever feel a fear.
 But blessed, pure, and holy,
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
 And with ten thousand thousand
 Praise him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
 But Jesus will forgive;
 For many little children
 Have gone to heaven to live.
 Dear Saviour, when I languish
 And lay me down to die,
 Oh, send a shining angel
 To bear me to the sky!

Oh, there I'll be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand;
 And there before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll join the heavenly music,
 And praise him day and night!

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR
FLOCKS BY NIGHT.

NAHUM TATE.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind;
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe yon there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swaddling-bands,
 And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
 Begin and never cease."



THE CHILDREN AT THE GATES.

JAMES EDMESTON.

LITTLE travelers Zionward,
 Each one entering into rest,
 In the kingdom of your Lord,
 In the mansions of the blest;
 There to welcome Jesus waits,
 Gives the crowns his followers win.
 Lift your heads, ye golden' gates;
 Let the little travelers in!

Who are they whose little feet,
 Pacing life's dark journey through,
 Now have reached that heavenly seat
 They had ever kept in view?
 "I from Greenland's frozen land;"
 "I from India's sunny plain;"
 "I from Afric's barren sand;"
 "I from islands of the main."

"All our earthly journey past,
 Every tear and pain gone by,
 Here together met at last,
 At the portals of the sky."

Each the welcome, "Come!" awaits,
 "Conquerors over death and sin!"
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates;
 Let the little travelers in!

SAVIOUR, WHO DIDST FROM HEAVEN COME
DOWN.

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

SAVIOUR, who didst from heaven come down,
 A little child awhile to be,
 Whose precious blood and thorny crown
 From death and sin have ransomed me.

Teach me, dear Saviour, some return
 Of lowly service for thy love,
 Such as a thankful child may learn,
 Such as thy Spirit shall approve.

Young hearts, I hear them say, are claimed
 For God's own altar by thy word;
 May I lay there my own, unblamed!
 And wilt thou lift it heavenward, Lord!

A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

LAMARTINE (*translated by* CAMELIA M'FADDEN).

O FATHER! whom my father loves!
 Thou who art named on bended knee!
 Thou, at whose sweet and awful name
 My mother's head bows reverently!

They tell me that the brilliant sun
 Is but a plaything of thy might,
 And hangs in balance 'neath thy feet,
 Like a great lamp of golden light.

They tell me that the little birds
 In all the fields are made by thee;
 And that thou givest every child
 A soul to know and worship thee.

They tell me thou dost make the flowers
 That dress the gardens gay and fair;
 And that the trees no fruits could yield
 Without thy love and fostering care.

In all the gifts thy bounty sends
 The world at large is made to share;
 The smallest insect may partake
 Of Nature's feast, spread everywhere.

The goat clings to the cytissus,
 The lamb feeds on the tender thyme;
 The fly, upon the cow's smooth edge,
 Dips into this white milk of mine.

The lark secures the little grain
 The gleaner drops from all the rest;
 Sparrows attend the winnowers,
 And baby clings to mother's breast.

And then to gain these precious gifts
 Thou furnishest each day the same,
 At noon, at night, at morning's light,
 What must be done? Pronounce thy name!

O God! this name by angels feared
 Is lisped with stammering tongue by me,
 And yet thou hearest every child
 In the great choir that praises thee.

Ah! since he understands from far
 The wishes that our lips shall say;

For things that others need the most
 I want to ask him, day by day.

My God! give water to the streams;
 Give feathers to the birds thou'st made;
 Give wool to all the little lambs;
 And to the plains give dew and shade.

Give health to all the sick, O God!
 Give bread to those who cry to thee;
 Give to the orphans friends and home;
 And give the prisoner liberty!

Give to the man who fears the Lord
 Numberless children, good and dear;
 Give to me wisdom, happiness,
 That mother's heart be filled with cheer.



A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

THE twinkling stars, with angel eyes,
 Begin to peep from dark'ning skies;
 The daisy hides her lowly head,
 And dew-drops light the way to bed.
 O Jesus, from thy throne of light,
 Watch o'er thy little lamb to-night.

Forgive the sins that I have done
 Since first arose the golden sun,
 And make my spirit clean and white,
 Like moonbeams shining pure and bright.
 O Jesus, from thy throne of light,
 Forgive thy little lamb to-night.

I thank thee on my bended knee
 For those dear ones thou givest me;
 But with my head on mother's breast,
 Oh, let me ever love thee best!
 O Jesus, from thy throne of light,
 Watch over those I love to-night.

And when the darkness falls around,
 And I can hear no voice or sound,
 Dear Saviour, I shall feel no fear,
 Because I know that thou art near,
 And from thy throne of shining light
 Wilt guard thy little lamb to-night.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

GREEK VESPER HYMN.

Translated by J. M. NEALE.

THE day is past and over;
 All thanks, O Lord, to thee!
 I pray thee that offenseless
 The hours of dark may be!
 O Jesu! keep me in thy sight,
 And save me through the coming night!

The joys of day are over;
 Oh, lift my heart to thee,

And call on thee, that sinless
 The hours of sin may be.
 O Jesu! make their darkness light,
 And guard me through the coming night!

The toils of day are over;
 I raise the hymn to thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be.
 O Jesu! keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night!

Be thou my soul's preserver,
 O God! for thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.
 Lover of men! oh, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!

WHILST THEE I SEEK, PROTECTING POWER.

HARRIET M. WILLIAMS.

WHILST thee I seek, protecting power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed—
 To thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
 That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul most dear,
 Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
 That heart will rest on thee.

HOW SWEETLY FLOWED THE GOSPEL'S
SOUND.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven He came, of heaven He spake,
To heaven He led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He brake,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

— — — — —
BAPTISMAL HYMN.

HENRY ALFORD.

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner, manfully,
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he traveled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own;
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown!

THE GOD OF BETHEL.

JOHN LOGAN.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh, spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

— — — — —
ROCK OF AGES.

Abridged from TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure!

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know—
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death;
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

MY LORD, MY LOVE, WAS CRUCIFIED.

JOHN MASON.

My Lord, my love, was crucified,
He all the pains did bear;
But in the sweetness of his rest
He makes his servants share.
How sweetly rest thy saints above
Which in thy bosom lie!
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.
Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

I bless thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to thee!
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray!
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace!
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face!

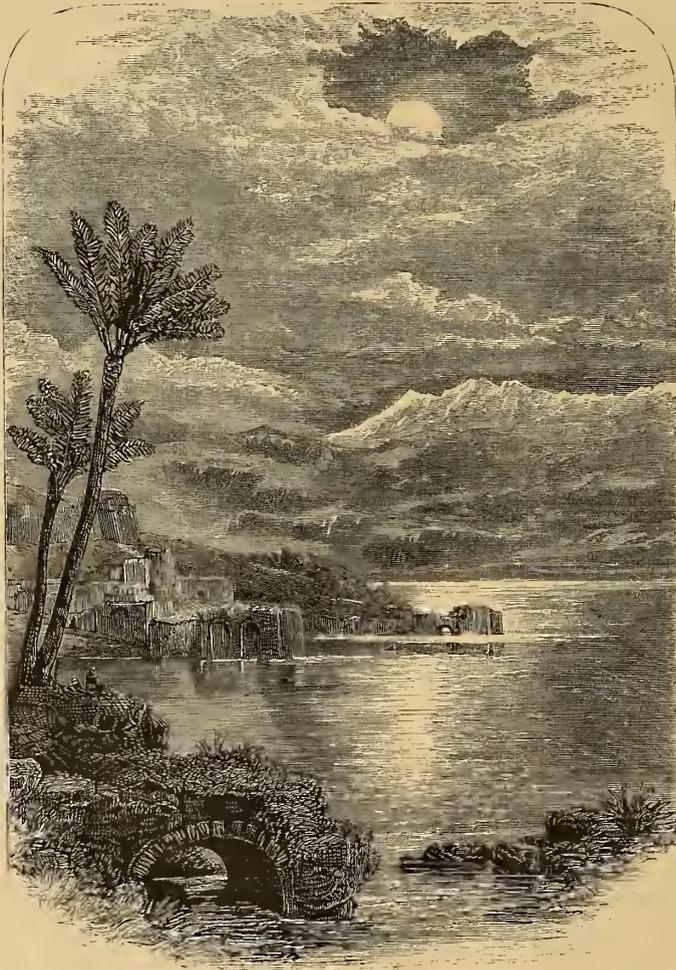
CALM ON THE LISTENING EAR OF NIGHT.

EDMUND SEARS.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Came heaven's melodious strains,

The joyous hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;



Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD OF CLUGNY.

JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, oh, I know not
 What social joys are there;
 What radiance of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.

And they who, with their leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

ISAAC WATTS.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 There endless day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood
 While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shivering, on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With faith's unclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the prospect o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Could fright us from the shore.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labors have an end
 In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?

Oh, when, thou city of my God!
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where evermore the angels sing,
 And Sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee!
 Then shall my labors have an end
 When I thy joys shall see.

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION, YE SAINTS OF
THE LORD.

KIRKHAM.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

Fear not; I am with thee! Oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply.
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!

PRAYER OF FAITH.

RAY PALMER.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, silent stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.

F. W. FABER.

O GOD! who wert my childhood's love,
 My boyhood's pure delight,
 A presence felt the livelong day,
 A welcome fear at night!

They bid me call thee Father, Lord!
 Sweet was the freedom deemed;
 And yet, more like a mother's ways
 Thy quiet mercies seemed.

I could not sleep unless thy hand
 Were underneath my head,
 That I might kiss it if I lay
 Wakeful upon my bed.

And quite alone I never felt;
 I knew that thou wert near—
 A silence tingling in the room,
 A strangely pleasant fear.

I know not what I thought of thee,
 What picture I had made
 Of that Eternal Majesty
 To whom my childhood prayed.

I know I used to lie awake
 And tremble at the shape
 Of my own thoughts, yet did not wish
 Thy terrors to escape.

With age thou grewest more divine,
 More glorions than before;
 I feared thee with a deeper fear
 Because I loved thee more.

Thou broadenest out with every year,
 Each breadth of life to meet;
 I scarce can think thou art the same,
 Thou art so much more sweet.

Father! what hast thou grown to now?
 A joy all joys above;
 Something more sacred than a fear,
 More tender than a love.

With gentle swiftness lead me on,
 Dear God! to see thy face;
 And meanwhile in my narrow heart
 Oh, make thyself more space!

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a thankful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorions theme renew.

Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 And, oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise!



O JESU, THOU ART STANDING.

O JESU, thou art standing
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er!
 We bear the name of Christians,
 His name and sign we bear;
 Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep him standing there!

O Jesu, thou art knocking,
 And lo! that hand is scarred;
 And thorns thy brow encircle,
 And tears thy face have marred!
 O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait!
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, thou art pleading,
 In accents meek and low:

"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door!
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host and every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour, speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

Once on the raging seas I rode:
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my fonndering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bid my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!



OUR BLEST REDEEMER, ERE HE BREATHED.

HARRIET AUBER.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,

The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

He came, in tongues of living flame,
To teach, confine, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.



BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF THE SONS OF THE MORNING.

BISHOP HEBER.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the
stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue, ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What though no real voice or sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine!"

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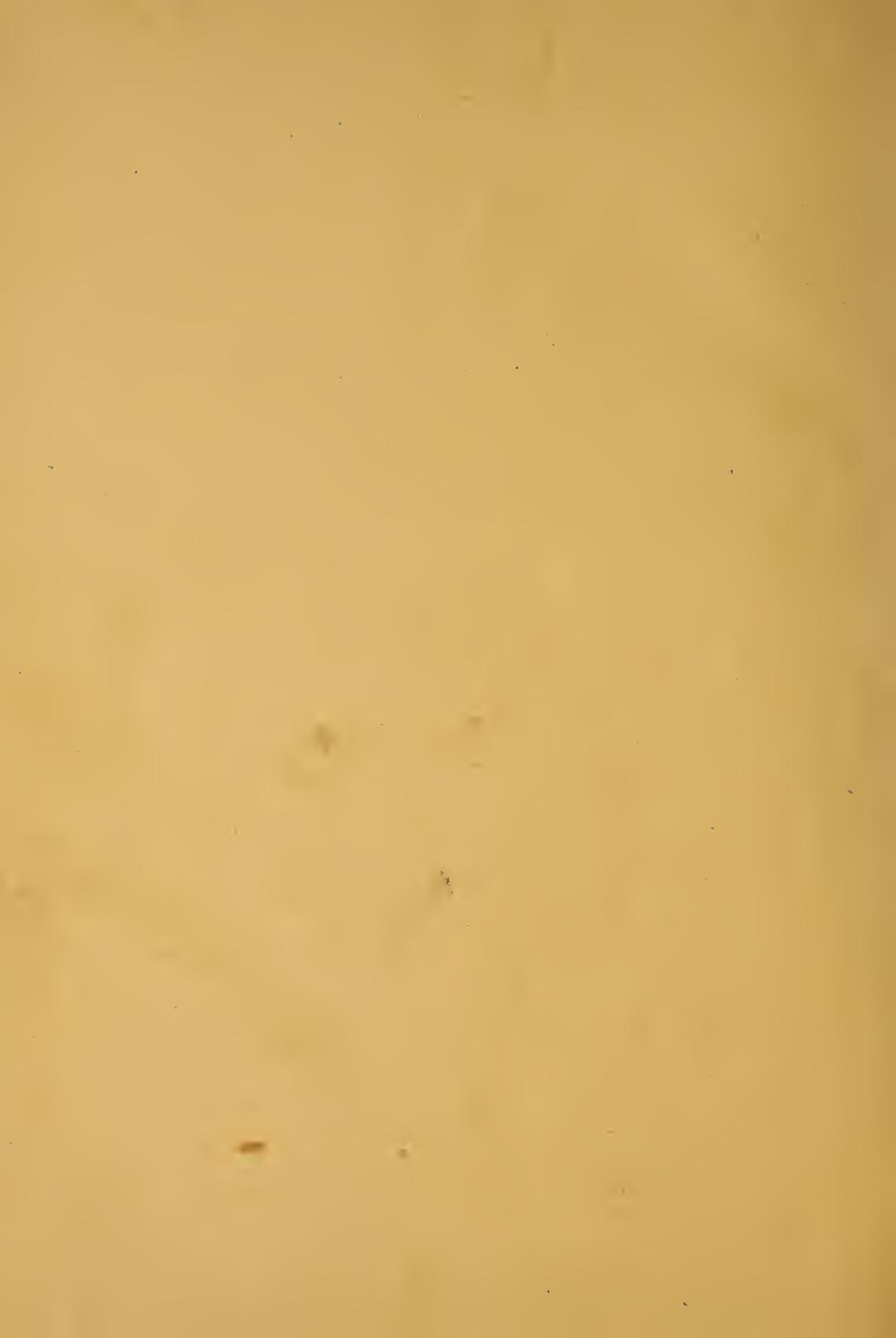
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